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Illustration for High Financial Adventures of Sir John Kynnersley.
"I GIVE YOU AN HOUR TO CLEAR OUT OF THE HOTEL."

THE AEROGRAM

VOLUME VII

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NUMBER 7

THE HIGH FINANCIAL ADVENTURES OF SIR JOHN KYNNERSLEY

How Sir John Turned American Multimillionaire.

By A. C. Fox-Davies.

SIR JOHN KYNNERSLEY had gone to America, as he cynically admitted, in the hope of trading himself, his position, and his title, in marriage with an American heiress. But he was returning a bachelor, without matrimonial entanglements.

It was the last day of the voyage when he noticed for the first time in the smoking-room an American, evidently of considerable wealth, round whom was gathered a circle of friends. Sir John turned to a man with whom he had formed a sort of acquaintance on board, and asked:

"D'you know who the Yankee was?"

"Why, man, don't you know? It's Henry Meadows, the Chicago millionaire. He's worth every penny of twenty million pounds."

"Well, he's rather a good sort. It must have been his daughter I met at Newport. Is she on board?"

"No; the old man's traveling alone this time, his wife and daughter cross later on."

With that the incident passed from Sir John's mind. But man proposes.

Walking along Piccadilly about nine o'clock one evening not long after he had reached London Sir John observed a crowd gathered at the entrance to the Albany. A police-constable was interrogating a middle-aged man, whose clothes, wet and muddy, bore vivid testimony to the fact that he had recently had a heavy fall.

From the policeman's questions Sir John quickly gathered that he was trying to ascertain the man's name and address, and at once tumbled to the right conclusion that the man's memory was gone. As he did so he recognized him. It was Henry Meadows, the Chicago multimillionaire, dazed and bewildered.

"Sergeant," Sir John said, "this gentleman is a friend of mine. If you don't 'want' him for anything, I'll see him home. I suppose he hasn't been fighting?"

"Oh, no, sir; just had a fit or something. I helped him to get up, that's all; and I was going to call a taxi, only he can't remember his name or where he lives. If he's a friend of yours, and you will see after him, I'm sure it will be very kind of you, sir."

"All right. Get me a taxi, sergeant."

Sir John helped the millionaire into a taxi, and, telling the chauffeur to drive to the flat which he had occupied while working out one of his schemes, under the name of Mr. Solomon, and which was still on his hands, they started. Here Sir John installed the millionaire, for he had suggested all the big hotels, and Mr. Meadows quite failed to recognize the name of any one as that of the hotel in which he was staying.

Now, when he started, Sir John had no other idea beyond doing a good turn to a millionaire in a mess. He imagined he was playing host for but a few hours, when the millionaire's mem-

ory would be certain to return as he benefited by the quiet rest, but as the evening drew on, Sir John noticed the millionaire's speech became thick and incoherent. Finally, he turned round, irritably:

"Why do you call me 'Mr. Meadows' all the time? My name's Russell. I live in N'York—Forty-seventh street."

Sir John, in growing alarm, despatched the housekeeper of the flats to fetch a doctor.

On the latter's arrival, he had the American at once put to bed, and after administering a sedative and watching his patient slowly sink into natural slumber, he left the bedroom, beckoning the baronet to follow him. "Can you tell me what's happened?"

"I don't know that I can exactly tell you that. The man is an American friend of mine, a Mr. Russell, of New York. I was walking along Piccadilly, and I saw a crowd. A policeman was trying to get him to remember his name and address. He had had a bad fall, and seemed very dazed and confused, and at that time he couldn't even remember his own name. I recognized him at once, but I am not sure he recognizes me; but I haven't the ghost of an idea what hotel he is staying at, for until I saw him, I didn't know he was in England. I brought him along here to get him out of the crowd, thinking that when he had got out of the confusion and got over the fall he would be all right."

"It was the best thing you could do. He evidently had a slight apoplectic fit or stroke in Piccadilly. It's a very usual symptom for that to be accompanied by loss of memory, and I think he has had another slight one since he has been here. They are very slight, and he will probably be all right again in ten days or a fortnight, if you can keep him quite quiet and in bed. I'll send round another sedative, and I'll look in first thing in the morning."

"Ought I to get a nurse?"

"I hardly think it seems necessary. If you can sit up with him to-night, I'll see how he is in the morning. He'll probably sleep straight through till then."

Things turned out as the doctor had anticipated. In the morning the American seemed to have quite recovered, ex-

cept that he still spoke of himself as Mr. Russell, whom Kynnersley gathered must be a broker in New York. The doctor was pleased with his patient's progress, but insisted on his remaining in bed. The American made no objection, and expressed his gratitude to "Mr. Solomon," whom he at once accepted on his own statement as a friend of his in the past.

That night, as Sir John lay awake thinking about his patient, the most daring scheme he had ever thought of flashed through his mind. The audacity of the thing frightened him, and yet it fascinated him, as did its amazing possibilities. Could he do it? He realized that, should he attempt to plunge, he must rely solely upon his ready wit to carry him through on the spur of the moment, according to what events might occur. Finally, he decided to let things take their course, leaving the final decision as to whether he would or would not make the attempt to be the outcome of circumstances.

Early the following morning Sir John sent the housekeeper out to buy a *Daily Mail*. As he had expected, one of the principal items was a vivid account of the disappearance from the Hotel Cecil of the well-known American millionaire, Mr. Henry Meadows. From a published interview with his private secretary, a Mr. Robert Paul, Sir John gathered that Mr. Paul had last seen his employer about 8.30, after dinner, when the work of the day being over, he had been dismissed. Mr. Meadows had afterwards been seen sitting in the courtyard, and no one had actually seen the millionaire leave. One of the porters felt certain he had seen Mr. Meadows still sitting in the dusk in the courtyard at a corner table as late as 10.30; and another guest in the hotel, when questioned, corroborated this by saying that, while he did not know Mr. Meadows personally, he had certainly been sitting at the table indicated, talking to an American gentleman, who said he belonged to Chicago, until the time mentioned. That created the alibi Sir John wanted, for he had dreaded inquiries beginning from the policeman at the Albany. That occurrence took place at 9 o'clock. Here was *prima facie* evidence that Mr. Meadows was still at the Hotel Cecil at 10.30.

The doctor came, stated himself to be pleased with the marked improvement in his patient, and then Sir John tabled his first card in the game. He showed the millionaire the account in the *Mail* of the disappearance of Mr. Henry Meadows, and eagerly waited for the result.

An amused smile passed over the American's face.

"That's funny," he said, "Meadows is a client of mine. We do nearly all his business." And then he burst out laughing. "Won't the old man make young Paul sit up when he comes back! He's probably only gone on a spree to Brighton. This is all cabled over, you bet; and Mrs. Meadows will be across in the next boat. I wouldn't like to be in young Paul's shoes when the old man walks into the hotel this afternoon. That will bring him back in a hurry."

Sir John looked the American well over. He was much about the same height, but was bald, wore pince-nez, was dark, clean-shaven, and was distinctly stouter. Sir John was of slighter build, and fair.

But, having made his decision, Sir John lost not a moment in carrying it out. Going into a ready-made tailor's Sir John purchased clothes approximating to those of the American had worn when he found him in Piccadilly. He purchased a belt, three football bladders, a watch-chain like the millionaire's, and a pair of pince-nez. Packing these into his suit-case, he caught the first train to Brighton, and immediately on his arrival sent off a telegram from that place:

"PAUL,

"Hotel Cecil, London.

"What in the name of Tophet have you made such a fool of yourself for? Why couldn't you keep your mouth shut? What are you paid for? See *Daily Mail* people at once and stop all this rubbish. Contradict it in evening papers. If wife cables, reply: 'All mistake. Called out of London on business suddenly.' MEADOWS."

Before leaving London, "Mr. Solomon" sent a wire to "Mr. Russell," regretting that an important commission necessitated his absence for some days, but begging "Mr. Russell" in the meantime to make himself at home and con-

sider the flat as his own, and promising to return shortly.

Immediately after having sent the telegram to the Cecil, Sir John visited a hair-dresser's shop, and had his hair dyed a darker color. He then returned to London, securing a first-class carriage for himself for the journey. He entered it wearing pince-nez. As soon as the train was fairly started, he deliberately shaved the top of his head. Then slightly inflating the football bladders, he encircled them with the belt, and flattened himself until he had produced the necessary appearance of embonpoint. When he had finished, he was really surprised at the point of resemblance to Mr. Meadows to which he had attained. He knew that he had only to bluff one person—the private secretary, Paul—and that no one else would dream of questioning his identity after his telegram. He arrived in London at 6.55. Purchasing various evening papers, he satisfied himself as he drove to the Cecil that the secretary had carried out his instructions, and that the mystery of the disappearance of Mr. Meadows, the American millionaire was at an end.

Being expected, "Mr. Meadows" was at once recognized by the obsequious porter, and Sir John saw, from the awe with which he was greeted, that his telegram had had a wide effect. Assuming a flaming temper, he pitched his suitcase to the porter.

"Pay the man and take that bag up to my room at once."

The trembling porter shouldered the bag and preceded Sir John to a suite of rooms on the first floor.

Pale and agitated, the young secretary was awaiting his employer on the threshold. Sir John burst out:

"What do you mean by all this tomfoolery of yours, making me a laughing-stock from one end of the country to the other. Call yourself a private secretary—able to deal with emergencies? Why! you're the biggest fool in Christendom! To think I can't go down to Brighton for a night off without your telling the world I'm missing! I never want to see you face again. I give you an hour to clear out of the hotel"; and Sir John stalked through into the bedroom. In a few minutes he heard the secretary leave the room, and Sir

John returned and rang the bell. "Send the manager here," he said to the waiter.

"See here," he said to the latter, bowing in the doorway; "just give orders I'll see none of these newspaper men. I've fired my secretary. Send me up the best stenographer you've got in the place. Tell her I'll pay her double what she's getting now, if she's quick enough to do my work."

The manager bowed and retired, and Sir John felt he had scored all along the line.

Sir John sat down in an easy-chair to think, for he had not as yet the faintest idea how he intended to profit by his impersonation of the millionaire. He saw plainly that all he had got was the prestige of the personality of the millionaire. In what way could that be turned into account?

At last an idea struck him. If the personation of the millionaire were audacious, this was doubly so. But as his plans took shape, he saw how plausible the whole idea was, and at last, rising from the chair, he stretched himself, and rang.

"Where's that typewriter of mine?" he asked. "And bring up some dinner, or supper, or something."

The manager explained that the best girl had gone off duty early in the afternoon, but she would be at his disposal in the morning. A meal would be ready in a few minutes in the next room.

Sir John—the meal despatched—sat down at the writing table to master the details of the correspondence of Mr. Meadows. He quickly gathered there were hundreds of matters proceeding under the millionaire's attention, and over and over again he found himself wishing for the assistance of Mr. Robert Paul. But before Sir John retired to rest that night he felt as if he knew every detail of Mr. Meadows' business. He realized the vast magnitude of the interests with which he was interfering, and made up his mind there and then that he would conduct the millionaire's affairs in the interests of that gentleman himself, and would try to do as the American would have done in everything save those few matters in which he had decided to meddle for his own benefit. He concluded it

would be wise to do everything by cable or telegraph, and even such messages he resolved should be in the handwriting of his secretary.

His breakfast was served at an early hour the following morning, and immediately afterwards his stenographer was ushered into his rooms. Briefly explaining to her the arrangement of the papers, he excused himself from a very exact knowledge by saying he left such matters to his secretary, and she must do her best to find out things without bothering him.

Then turning to an accumulation of cables, Sir John dealt with them to the best of his ability. There was a frantic cable from Mrs. Meadows, to which Sir John replied at length; and then, he dictated a message—the first in the hand he had dealt to play for his own behalf.

"Walter
Bearwood
Hants

"Want to buy London *Times*. Wire your own price or see me to-day. Meadows of Chicago at Hotel Cecil."

In an hour or two came the reply—

"Meadows
Hotel Cecil
London

"Don't want to sell. Walter."

To which he wired—

"Walter
Bearwood

"I'll offer terms to tempt you. How much do you want. Meadows?"

"Meadows
Hotel Cecil
London

"Two million pounds subject to consent of co-proprietors at next meeting Walter."

"Walter
Bearwood
Hants

"Offer three millions cash if you can complete sale to-morrow. Suggest you call special meeting of proprietors. Interview here to-morrow. Meadows."

"Meadows
Hotel Cecil
London

"Accept offer own responsibility. See you to-morrow. Arrange for payment. Walter."

(Continued on page 263.)



Navy Men on Volcanic Island

BY GRANT B. ASHE.

At the entrance of Puget Sound, off Cape Flattery, Washington, lies a curious island, which appears to have been thrown up a molten mass from the sea to serve as a sentinel and warning to the ships passing in and out through the Juan De Fuca Straits. It is known as Tatoosh Island, and throughout its eighteen miles of volcanic rock deep fissures have been cut by the huge seas which in rough weather beat against it with a force that makes the island buildings tremble.

Summer visitors to the Government wireless station and the powerful lighthouse establish-ment maintained on Tatoosh Island have little idea of the lonely and monotonous life the twelve male inhabitants lead during the winter months. These men, who represent the working force of the U. S. Weather Bureau and the U. S. Navy wireless station at the most westerly point of the United States proper, are only observed by outsiders when their time is being spent very pleasantly, hunting and fishing during the hours off duty. The living quarters are as com-

fortable as one could wish for. The boys have their own vegetable garden and raise their own chickens, and a game of ball or tennis is usually in progress.

But during the winter, when the winds howl, the sea dashes against the rocks and rain beats against the buildings, their time is mostly spent indoors. The long winter nights are spent at cards, at chess, or in making those

mournful sounds termed music by the participants, and other things by the man on watch or the man who is trying to get his forty winks before midnight.

There is only one landing place on

the island where mail and supplies can be received. During the winter months the high prevailing winds and the surf which rolls in from the open sea make this landing a very dangerous undertaking. It is practically inaccessible to all but Charlie White, a Neah Bay Indian, who has an exclusive contract with the Government to carry mail to the island once a week. This is the most north-westerly mail route of the United



THE LIVING QUARTERS ARE COMFORTABLE.

States, and is in the hands of a lone Indian.

The wireless station on Tatoosh Island is one of the principal Navy stations on the west coast, in that it forms the connecting link between Alaska and the United States. The station force consists of five naval electricians—all operators—who are on watch at all times during the twenty-four hours. Besides the weather and shipping reports, a great deal of business for the commercial companies is handled. Government messages are handled during the first half of each hour, and commercial messages during the last half, as far as practicable; meaning that if a commercial station is unable to do the work and if the commercial messages do not interfere with Government business, Navy stations are required to work in harmony with other stations.

Two complete transmitting and receiving sets are installed—one used for distances up to 600 miles, and one for long-distance work.

A Marconigram Was His Undoing

He has been very successful in his business of installing wireless apparatus on steamers sailing in and out of this port. The other night, however, he could not, in spite of all his skill, get an answer to his S. O. S. to save him from detection in a great big fib by his better half. At the dinner hour he told his wife he had to go back to work that night and it would probably be 3 or 4 in the morning before he could get home, as he had to complete a wireless job on a steamer that was to sail as soon as he could get it finished. Leaving the house about 8 o'clock, he congratulated himself on his good excuse to get out and have a high old time with the boys. He certainly had some jolly hours and did not reach his domicile until 4:15 A. M. Wifey was awake to greet him and with much self-control listened to his tale of hard work putting a wireless on the trans-Pacific steamer. When he had finished and was about to disrobe she handed him a message which had come to the house at 9:30 P. M. from that same steamer. She had opened and read it. It was an aérogram from the captain, reading:

"100 miles off shore. Wireless working perfectly. Good luck."

It is but charitable to draw the curtain on the Caudle lecture he got the remainder of that night.

The Coming of New Jobs

Coincident with the wiping out of some jobs on earth, through machinery, other jobs come to light or are created. Ten years ago there were no wireless operators. At present there are between 1,300 and 1,400 ships equipped, each calling for at least one operator, many for two, and more and more will use two in the future. There are also a large number of other ships that have orders for wireless in, and a day is likely to come when every ship will be so equipped. The automobile and the airship have also given work to an army of operators and machinists, and may have made up in number at least for the men who because of machinery or the encroachment of women have been dropped from some other forms of labor. In fact, there isn't, even in this comparatively dull time, lack of labor for the average healthy and bright man of skill willing to work and ready to give an employer a fair run for his money.

Work for the Editor

It's said that any one can be an editor. All an editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days in the week, four weeks in the month and twelve months of the year and "edit" such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Lost Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Matherton threw a stone and struck a companion in the alley last Tuesday."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise home from a church social Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"Isaac Trimmer was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. White, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday was kicked just south of the corncrib."

GIRLS AND RABBITS

By Donald Allen

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Mr. Clarence Donald had come down to The Birches to do a little winter rabbit hunting. He was twenty-three years old, and was thinking about the law, medicine, insurance, banking and landscape painting. Also he was thinking about girls and rabbits. Thus far in life he had made up his mind to only one thing—to fall in love with the first good-looking girl he met.

It was his brother who was master at The Birches, and it was his cousin Clara who welcomed him with a sort of Indian warwhoop, danced a jig, and then exclaimed:

"Never since Columbus discovered America!"

"What?"

"Have there been so many rabbits. Down at the edge of the woods; yesterday I counted over a million."

"You don't say!"

"And there were millions more I didn't see. We shall shoot and ship enough to the city to buy a new auto."

"That will be so nice!"

"And you are to meet Mollie Parker. She lives just half a mile away. She is the sweetest, nicest girl you ever saw. She doesn't believe in killing rabbits, because they are so innocent, but oh, my she is fierce on chicken thieves! When she talks about them her eyes fairly glare. She's had chickens stolen three times, and she says if she could catch the thief in the act she'd show him no mercy. She's got a shotgun all ready for him."

There was rabbit hunting, and there was an introduction to Miss Mollie Parker. Both events were quite satisfactory to young Donald. All the rabbits escaped, and he at once fell in love with the girl. Rabbits ought to escape, and girls were created to be loved. Under certain circumstances, and if rightly managed, they will also fall in love themselves.

At the end of a fortnight Miss Clara began to giggle. She giggled all one day and wouldn't explain why.

Next day she chuckled. She wasn't

going to explain that, either, but Clarence took her out to a snowdrift five feet deep and threatened her death by suffocation, and she agreed to be good.

"Well, you know, I want to play a joke on Mollie," she said.

"Well, why don't you?" was asked.

"I want your help. It's a chicken joke."

"Is it something to make the hens laugh?"

"It surely is. You and I will steal four or five of her chickens and bring them home here and keep them for three or four days before we let her know about it. She'll think a real thief got them, and you'll see how she'll take on. Why, when she's mad she's the loveliest thing you ever saw!"

"So that's what you've been chuckling and giggling over! Well, I won't go into it."

"Why, Clarence Donald! You won't pretend to steal chickens to please me!"

"But they may have a hired man, and I may be caught."

"Yes, they have got one, but he's lame and deaf, and always asleep by 8 o'clock. We are to go at midnight, you know. I've got it all planned out, and I wouldn't miss it for a thousand dollars."

"But hens squawk when you pull them off the perch, and some one else may hear."

"Then you are a fraidy. If I was a young man and dasn't go with a girl to steal a few chickens and play a joke I'd run home to mamma! I'll just go alone and clean out the whole roost."

"But I can't see the joke," protested Clarence.

"Of course not! That's because your name is Donald. It used to be McDonald, and you are a Scotchman, and you couldn't see a joke if there were a thousand hens in it. I'll tell Mollie how thick-headed you are!"

"I didn't say I wouldn't go. I was just making a few inquiries, you know. You don't think Mollie would be mad at me if we take the chickens?"

"Mad? Why, she'll just love you for it! She'll see at once that you are not Scotch and can take a joke. Why, it will surely bring about a marriage between you!"

"If you think that way?"

"Of course, I do."

Yes, Miss Mollie Parker had chickens. A mile away lived a hard-working, honest colored man, who had been helping himself to potpie at intervals and escaping suspicion. Miss Mollie also had a shotgun, and knew how to use it. She had loaded it with birdshot, and vowed by her ten pink toes that the next comer should find her ready for him.

As the hennery was two hundred feet from the house, and as no girl is going to sit by an open window all night on a winter's night when she has a bed awaiting her, there didn't seem much danger of the hard-working and honest colored man being peppered. While he would be pulling his potpies off the perch, Miss Mollie would be dreaming of pony coats and new hats.

But she foresaw just this very contingency, and, being something of a genius, as well as a good-looking girl, she strung a wire from her chamber window to the hennery and attached a bell. Then, with the shotgun within reach, and waiting to take the law into her own hands, she jumped into bed.

Up at The Birches at midnight's solemn hour—s-s-s-sh!

A door is cautiously opened—two doors. Two muffled figures steal down stairs. One of them giggles. Out of the front door and down the road! No moon! An ideal night for a hard-working, honest colored man to help himself to roast chicken.

"Now you are not a Scotchman!" whispers one muffled figure to another, as they slide and slip along.

"Thanks!"

"Now you can see a joke."

"Um."

"Now I'm not going to tell Mollie Parsons that you are stupid."

"No?"

"Now I'm sure that there'll be an engagement within a month."

"But that gun—"

Two muffled figures climbed a fence.

They waded through the snow up to their knees. They peek—they peer—they crouch!

The hennery is reached at last. Its guardian sleeps. The hens within are unconscious of peril. They think the hired man has come to give them an extra feed for being good. One muffled figure carefully opens the door. Two hundred feet away a bell rings and a girl hops out of bed, seizes the shotgun and raises the sash.

The alarm reaches the hennery. There is a gasp and an "Oh, my!" and one of the figures flees. The other seems to be confused, and it is while he is bumping against a pear tree and getting up again that he hears the report of a gun and feels forty birdshot enter his anatomy. He utters a long-drawn yell, and there is blood on the snow.

Two households are aroused. In one a girl exclaims:

"Father—mother—I've shot that chicken thief!"

In the other it is:

"Father—mother—cook—everybody; Clarence has been shot to death and is lying a cold corpse!"

If forty birdshot had been fired into a man by a girl and picked out by a doctor—if he had been carried into that girl's house—if she had shed tears over him—if she had vowed she never took him for a Scotchman—if chicken soup had been made for him from one of the hens he had come to steal—he would have done just what young Mr. Donald did, and the girl would have blushed and hung her head and whispered, "Y-yes!" the same as Miss Mollie Parker did.

American Diamonds

Occasionally small diamonds have been found among the ridges of gravel brought down from the North in the age of glaciers and scattered over the States bordering on the Great Lakes.

One of the government's geologists is of the opinion that these diamonds came from some place in Canada, and that by tracing back the lines of advance of the glaciers the original location of the gems may be discovered.

An effort to carry out this scientist's suggestion is to be made.

EXPERIENCES OF WIRELESS OPERATORS

As Told to the Man at the Big Desk

E. N. PICKERELL, WIRELESS OPERATOR S. S. "VASARI," TALKS OF SUB-DUING WILD BEASTS, EMOTIONS AND THINGS.

Well, as the poet would say, there's nothing to it, you've simply gotta hand it to "Pick." Meaning, of course, E. N. Pickerell, the marvel of the manuscript material mart, the mediator where mediocrity and magnificence meet, the mortal whose munificence with memoirs has metamorphosed and mustered the myriad musings of this monadic monger of multitudinous manuscripts. M-m-m-m-m.

Now that the humming has ceased, we mean to say that "Pick" is always there with a tale. We were talking the other day—that is, "Pick" was doing most of the talking—when, quite innocently, your purveyor of news of the doings of operators filled in an unexpected lull in the conversation with a remark to the effect that no matter where you may be these days you are in constant touch with the world's affairs.

"Stop!" exploded our wireless operator friend. "Don't you dare hand me any conversation on that point—I know. It wouldn't be at all bad if it was merely a case of knowing what the *world* was doing; the trouble with all these modern electrical inventions you were just going to prate about, is that the world knows too confounded well what *you* are doing. There is no such thing as solitude left.

We meekly begged to be excused and humbly inquired just how did the boomerang work, inwardly surmising that he had suffered some tiresome newspaper notoriety perhaps.

The thought in mind must have been reflected in our, we might say, always beatific and guileless countenance, for he shot forth a searching look before unloading his tale of woe.

"Now, don't think that anything I might say applies to my own case. My objections are based principally upon observation. I mean, from what I have

noticed among passengers aboard my ship. Take a prominent man, for instance—not a national character, but the average successful business man, a man whose name ordinarily will appear in the paper once or twice a year. Every trip there are at least half a dozen of this type on board. Do they want to be left alone? Yes. Are they? *No.*

"Let us try to find out why they are making the trip. In nine cases out of ten, for a rest. And all because, as I said before, *there is no such thing as solitude left.*

"A quiet-looking, gray-haired man, with an affable manner attracts your attention when he first comes aboard.



SEALS A RECONCILIATION WITH AN ETHER-WAVED SMACK.



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It was the last day of the voyage when he noticed for the first time in the smoking-room an American, evidently of considerable wealth, round whom was gathered a circle of friends. Sir John turned to a man with whom he had formed a sort of acquaintance on board, and asked:

"D'you know who the Yankee was?"

"Why, man, don't you know? It's Henry Meadows, the Chicago millionaire. He's worth every penny of twenty million pounds."

"Well, he's rather a good sort. It must have been his daughter I met at Newport. Is she on board?"

"No; the old man's traveling alone this time, his wife and daughter cross later on."

With that the incident passed from Sir John's mind. But man proposes.

Walking along Piccadilly about nine o'clock one evening not long after he had reached London Sir John observed a crowd gathered at the entrance to the Albany. A police-constable was interrogating a middle-aged man, whose clothes, wet and muddy, bore vivid testimony to the fact that he had recently had a heavy fall.

From the policeman's questions Sir John quickly gathered that he was trying to ascertain the man's name and address, and at once tumbled to the right conclusion that the man's memory was gone. As he did so he recognized him. It was Henry Meadows, the Chicago multimillionaire, dazed and bewildered.

"Sergeant," Sir John said, "this gentleman is a friend of mine. If you don't 'want' him for anything, I'll see him home. I suppose he hasn't been fighting?"

"Oh, no, sir; just had a fit or something. I helped him to get up, that's all; and I was going to call a taxi, only he can't remember his name or where he lives. If he's a friend of yours, and you will see after him, I'm sure it will be very kind of you, sir."

"All right. Get me a taxi, sergeant."

Sir John helped the millionaire into a taxi, and, telling the chauffeur to drive to the flat which he had occupied while working out one of his schemes, under the name of Mr. Solomon, and which was still on his hands, they started. Here Sir John installed the millionaire, for he had suggested all the big hotels, and Mr. Meadows quite failed to recognize the name of any one as that of the hotel in which he was staying.

Now, when he started, Sir John had no other idea beyond doing a good turn to a millionaire in a mess. He imagined he was playing host for but a few hours, when the millionaire's mem-

ory would be certain to return as he benefited by the quiet rest, but as the evening drew on, Sir John noticed the millionaire's speech became thick and incoherent. Finally, he turned round, irritably:

"Why do you call me 'Mr. Meadows' all the time? My name's Russell. I live in N'York—Forty-seventh street."

Sir John, in growing alarm, despatched the housekeeper of the flats to fetch a doctor.

On the latter's arrival, he had the American at once put to bed, and after administering a sedative and watching his patient slowly sink into natural slumber, he left the bedroom, beckoning the baronet to follow him. "Can you tell me what's happened?"

"I don't know that I can exactly tell you that. The man is an American friend of mine, a Mr. Russell, of New York. I was walking along Piccadilly, and I saw a crowd. A policeman was trying to get him to remember his name and address. He had had a bad fall, and seemed very dazed and confused, and at that time he couldn't even remember his own name. I recognized him at once, but I am not sure he recognizes me; but I haven't the ghost of an idea what hotel he is staying at, for until I saw him, I didn't know he was in England. I brought him along here to get him out of the crowd, thinking that when he had got out of the confusion and got over the fall he would be all right."

"It was the best thing you could do. He evidently had a slight apoplectic fit or stroke in Piccadilly. It's a very usual symptom for that to be accompanied by loss of memory, and I think he has had another slight one since he has been here. They are very slight, and he will probably be all right again in ten days or a fortnight, if you can keep him quite quiet and in bed. I'll send round another sedative, and I'll look in first thing in the morning."

"Ought I to get a nurse?"

"I hardly think it seems necessary. If you can sit up with him to-night, I'll see how he is in the morning. He'll probably sleep straight through till then."

Things turned out as the doctor had anticipated. In the morning the American seemed to have quite recovered, ex-

cept that he still spoke of himself as Mr. Russell, whom Kynnersley gathered must be a broker in New York. The doctor was pleased with his patient's progress, but insisted on his remaining in bed. The American made no objection, and expressed his gratitude to "Mr. Solomon," whom he at once accepted on his own statement as a friend of his in the past.

That night, as Sir John lay awake thinking about his patient, the most daring scheme he had ever thought of flashed through his mind. The audacity of the thing frightened him, and yet it fascinated him, as did its amazing possibilities. Could he do it? He realized that, should he attempt to plunge, he must rely solely upon his ready wit to carry him through on the spur of the moment, according to what events might occur. Finally, he decided to let things take their course, leaving the final decision as to whether he would or would not make the attempt to be the outcome of circumstances.

Early the following morning Sir John sent the housekeeper out to buy a *Daily Mail*. As he had expected, one of the principal items was a vivid account of the disappearance from the Hotel Cecil of the well-known American millionaire, Mr. Henry Meadows. From a published interview with his private secretary, a Mr. Robert Paul, Sir John gathered that Mr. Paul had last seen his employer about 8.30, after dinner, when the work of the day being over, he had been dismissed. Mr. Meadows had afterwards been seen sitting in the courtyard, and no one had actually seen the millionaire leave. One of the porters felt certain he had seen Mr. Meadows still sitting in the dusk in the courtyard at a corner table as late as 10.30; and another guest in the hotel, when questioned, corroborated this by saying that, while he did not know Mr. Meadows personally, he had certainly been sitting at the table indicated, talking to an American gentleman, who said he belonged to Chicago, until the time mentioned. That created the alibi Sir John wanted, for he had dreaded inquiries beginning from the policeman at the Albany. That occurrence took place at 9 o'clock. Here was *prima facie* evidence that Mr. Meadows was still at the Hotel Cecil at 10.30.

The doctor came, stated himself to be pleased with the marked improvement in his patient, and then Sir John tabled his first card in the game. He showed the millionaire the account in the *Mail* of the disappearance of Mr. Henry Meadows, and eagerly waited for the result.

An amused smile passed over the American's face.

"That's funny," he said, "Meadows is a client of mine. We do nearly all his business." And then he burst out laughing. "Won't the old man make young Paul sit up when he comes back! He's probably only gone on a spree to Brighton. This is all cabled over, you bet; and Mrs. Meadows will be across in the next boat. I wouldn't like to be in young Paul's shoes when the old man walks into the hotel this afternoon. That will bring him back in a hurry."

Sir John looked the American well over. He was much about the same height, but was bald, wore pince-nez, was dark, clean-shaven, and was distinctly stouter. Sir John was of slighter build, and fair.

But, having made his decision, Sir John lost not a moment in carrying it out. Going into a ready-made tailor's Sir John purchased clothes approximating to those of the American had worn when he found him in Piccadilly. He purchased a belt, three football bladders, a watch-chain like the millionaire's, and a pair of pince-nez. Packing these into his suit-case, he caught the first train to Brighton, and immediately on his arrival sent off a telegram from that place:

"PAUL,

"Hotel Cecil, London.

"What in the name of Tophet have you made such a fool of yourself for? Why couldn't you keep your mouth shut? What are you paid for? See *Daily Mail* people at once and stop all this rubbish. Contradict it in evening papers. If wife cables, reply: 'All mistake. Called out of London on business suddenly.' MEADOWS."

Before leaving London, "Mr. Solomon" sent a wire to "Mr. Russell," regretting that an important commission necessitated his absence for some days, but begging "Mr. Russell" in the meantime to make himself at home and con-

sider the flat as his own, and promising to return shortly.

Immediately after having sent the telegram to the Cecil, Sir John visited a hair-dresser's shop, and had his hair dyed a darker color. He then returned to London, securing a first-class carriage for himself for the journey. He entered it wearing pince-nez. As soon as the train was fairly started, he deliberately shaved the top of his head. Then slightly inflating the football bladders, he encircled them with the belt, and flattened himself until he had produced the necessary appearance of embonpoint. When he had finished, he was really surprised at the point of resemblance to Mr. Meadows to which he had attained. He knew that he had only to bluff one person—the private secretary, Paul—and that no one else would dream of questioning his identity after his telegram. He arrived in London at 6.55. Purchasing various evening papers, he satisfied himself as he drove to the Cecil that the secretary had carried out his instructions, and that the mystery of the disappearance of Mr. Meadows, the American millionaire was at an end.

Being expected, "Mr. Meadows" was at once recognized by the obsequious porter, and Sir John saw, from the awe with which he was greeted, that his telegram had had a wide effect. Assuming a flaming temper, he pitched his suitcase to the porter.

"Pay the man and take that bag up to my room at once."

The trembling porter shouldered the bag and preceded Sir John to a suite of rooms on the first floor.

Pale and agitated, the young secretary was awaiting his employer on the threshold. Sir John burst out:

"What do you mean by all this tomfoolery of yours, making me a laughing-stock from one end of the country to the other. Call yourself a private secretary—able to deal with emergencies? Why! you're the biggest fool in Christendom! To think I can't go down to Brighton for a night off without your telling the world I'm missing! I never want to see you face again. I give you an hour to clear out of the hotel"; and Sir John stalked through into the bedroom. In a few minutes he heard the secretary leave the room, and Sir

John returned and rang the bell. "Send the manager here," he said to the waiter.

"See here," he said to the latter, bowing in the doorway; "just give orders I'll see none of these newspaper men. I've fired my secretary. Send me up the best stenographer you've got in the place. Tell her I'll pay her double what she's getting now, if she's quick enough to do my work."

The manager bowed and retired, and Sir John felt he had scored all along the line.

Sir John sat down in an easy-chair to think, for he had not as yet the faintest idea how he intended to profit by his impersonation of the millionaire. He saw plainly that all he had got was the prestige of the personality of the millionaire. In what way could that be turned into account?

At last an idea struck him. If the personation of the millionaire were audacious, this was doubly so. But as his plans took shape, he saw how plausible the whole idea was, and at last, rising from the chair, he stretched himself, and rang.

"Where's that typewriter of mine?" he asked. "And bring up some dinner, or supper, or something."

The manager explained that the best girl had gone off duty early in the afternoon, but she would be at his disposal in the morning. A meal would be ready in a few minutes in the next room.

Sir John—the meal despatched—sat down at the writing table to master the details of the correspondence of Mr. Meadows. He quickly gathered there were hundreds of matters proceeding under the millionaire's attention, and over and over again he found himself wishing for the assistance of Mr. Robert Paul. But before Sir John retired to rest that night he felt as if he knew every detail of Mr. Meadows' business. He realized the vast magnitude of the interests with which he was interfering, and made up his mind there and then that he would conduct the millionaire's affairs in the interests of that gentleman himself, and would try to do as the American would have done in everything save those few matters in which he had decided to meddle for his own benefit. He concluded it

would be wise to do everything by cable or telegraph, and even such messages he resolved should be in the handwriting of his secretary.

His breakfast was served at an early hour the following morning, and immediately afterwards his stenographer was ushered into his rooms. Briefly explaining to her the arrangement of the papers, he excused himself from a very exact knowledge by saying he left such matters to his secretary, and she must do her best to find out things without bothering him.

Then turning to an accumulation of cables, Sir John dealt with them to the best of his ability. There was a frantic cable from Mrs. Meadows, to which Sir John replied at length; and then, he dictated a message—the first in the hand he had dealt to play for his own behalf.

"Walter
Bearwood
Hants

"Want to buy *London Times*. Wire your own price or see me to-day. Meadows of Chicago at Hotel Cecil."

In an hour or two came the reply—

"Meadows
Hotel Cecil
London

"Don't want to sell. Walter."

To which he wired—

"Walter
Bearwood

"I'll offer terms to tempt you. How much do you want. Meadows?"

"Meadows
Hotel Cecil
London

"Two million pounds subject to consent of co-proprietors at next meeting Walter."

"Walter
Bearwood
Hants

"Offer three millions cash if you can complete sale to-morrow. Suggest you call special meeting of proprietors. Interview here to-morrow. Meadows."

"Meadows
Hotel Cecil
London

"Accept offer own responsibility. See you to-morrow. Arrange for payment. Walter."

(Continued on page 263.)



Navy Men on Volcanic Island

BY GRANT B. ASHE.

At the entrance of Puget Sound, off Cape Flattery, Washington, lies a curious island, which appears to have been thrown up a molten mass from the sea to serve as a sentinel and warning to the ships passing in and out through the Juan De Fuca Straits. It is known as Tatoosh Island, and throughout its eighteen miles of volcanic rock deep fissures have been cut by the huge seas which in rough weather beat against it with a force that makes the island buildings tremble.

Summer visitors to the Government wireless station and the powerful lighthouse establishment maintained on Tatoosh Island have little idea of the lonely and monotonous life the twelve male inhabitants lead during the winter months. These men, who represent the working force of the U. S. Weather Bureau and the U. S. Navy wireless station at the most westerly point of the United States proper, are only observed by outsiders when their time is being spent very pleasantly, hunting and fishing during the hours off duty. The living quarters are as com-

fortable as one could wish for. The boys have their own vegetable garden and raise their own chickens, and a game of ball or tennis is usually in progress.

But during the winter, when the winds howl, the sea dashes against the rocks and rain beats against the buildings, their time is mostly spent indoors. The long winter nights are spent at cards, at chess, or in making those

mournful sounds termed music by the participants, and other things by the man on watch or the man who is trying to get his forty winks before midnight.

There is only one landing place on



THE LIVING QUARTERS ARE COMFORTABLE.

the island where mail and supplies can be received. During the winter months the high prevailing winds and the surf which rolls in from the open sea make this landing a very dangerous undertaking. It is practically inaccessible to all but Charlie White, a Neah Bay Indian, who has an exclusive contract with the Government to carry mail to the island once a week. This is the most north-westerly mail route of the United

States, and is in the hands of a lone Indian.

The wireless station on Tatoosh Island is one of the principal Navy stations on the west coast, in that it forms the connecting link between Alaska and the United States. The station force consists of five naval electricians—all operators—who are on watch at all times during the twenty-four hours. Besides the weather and shipping reports, a great deal of business for the commercial companies is handled. Government messages are handled during the first half of each hour, and commercial messages during the last half, as far as practicable; meaning that if a commercial station is unable to do the work and if the commercial messages do not interfere with Government business, Navy stations are required to work in harmony with other stations.

Two complete transmitting and receiving sets are installed—one used for distances up to 600 miles, and one for long-distance work.

A Marconigram Was His Undoing

He has been very successful in his business of installing wireless apparatus on steamers sailing in and out of this port. The other night, however, he could not, in spite of all his skill, get an answer to his S. O. S. to save him from detection in a great big fib by his better half. At the dinner hour he told his wife he had to go back to work that night and it would probably be 3 or 4 in the morning before he could get home, as he had to complete a wireless job on a steamer that was to sail as soon as he could get it finished. Leaving the house about 8 o'clock, he congratulated himself on his good excuse to get out and have a high old time with the boys. He certainly had some jolly hours and did not reach his domicile until 4:15 A. M. Wifey was awake to greet him and with much self-control listened to his tale of hard work putting a wireless on the trans-Pacific steamer. When he had finished and was about to disrobe she handed him a message which had come to the house at 9:30 P. M. from that same steamer. She had opened and read it. It was an aérogram from the captain, reading:

"100 miles off shore. Wireless working perfectly. Good luck."

It is but charitable to draw the curtain on the Caudle lecture he got the remainder of that night.

The Coming of New Jobs

Coincident with the wiping out of some jobs on earth, through machinery, other jobs come to light or are created. Ten years ago there were no wireless operators. At present there are between 1,300 and 1,400 ships equipped, each calling for at least one operator, many for two, and more and more will use two in the future. There are also a large number of other ships that have orders for wireless in, and a day is likely to come when every ship will be so equipped. The automobile and the airship have also given work to an army of operators and machinists, and may have made up in number at least for the men who because of machinery or the encroachment of women have been dropped from some other forms of labor. In fact, there isn't, even in this comparatively dull time, lack of labor for the average healthy and bright man of skill willing to work and ready to give an employer a fair run for his money.

Work for the Editor

It's said that any one can be an editor. All an editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days in the week, four weeks in the month and twelve months of the year and "edit" such stuff as this:

"Mrs. Jones of Lost Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"A mischievous lad of Matherton threw a stone and struck a companion in the alley last Tuesday."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week looking for a leak, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise home from a church social Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"Isaac Trimmer was playing with a cat Friday when it scratched him on the veranda."

"Mr. White, while harnessing a broncho last Saturday was kicked just south of the corncrib."

GIRLS AND RABBITS

By Donald Allen

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Mr. Clarence Donald had come down to The Birches to do a little winter rabbit hunting. He was twenty-three years old, and was thinking about the law, medicine, insurance, banking and landscape painting. Also he was thinking about girls and rabbits. Thus far in life he had made up his mind to only one thing—to fall in love with the first good-looking girl he met.

It was his brother who was master at The Birches, and it was his cousin Clara who welcomed him with a sort of Indian warwhoop, danced a jig, and then exclaimed:

"Never since Columbus discovered America!"

"What?"

"Have there been so many rabbits. Down at the edge of the woods; yesterday I counted over a million."

"You don't say!"

"And there were millions more I didn't see. We shall shoot and ship enough to the city to buy a new auto."

"That will be so nice!"

"And you are to meet Mollie Parker. She lives just half a mile away. She is the sweetest, nicest girl you ever saw. She doesn't believe in killing rabbits, because they are so innocent, but oh, my she is fierce on chicken thieves! When she talks about them her eyes fairly glare. She's had chickens stolen three times, and she says if she could catch the thief in the act she'd show him no mercy. She's got a shotgun all ready for him."

There was rabbit hunting, and there was an introduction to Miss Mollie Parker. Both events were quite satisfactory to young Donald. All the rabbits escaped, and he at once fell in love with the girl. Rabbits ought to escape, and girls were created to be loved. Under certain circumstances, and if rightly managed, they will also fall in love themselves.

At the end of a fortnight Miss Clara began to giggle. She giggled all one day and wouldn't explain why.

Next day she chuckled. She wasn't

going to explain that, either, but Clarence took her out to a snowdrift five feet deep and threatened her death by suffocation, and she agreed to be good.

"Well, you know, I want to play a joke on Mollie," she said.

"Well, why don't you?" was asked.

"I want your help. It's a chicken joke."

"Is it something to make the hens laugh?"

"It surely is. You and I will steal four or five of her chickens and bring them home here and keep them for three or four days before we let her know about it. She'll think a real thief got them, and you'll see how she'll take on. Why, when she's mad she's the loveliest thing you ever saw!"

"So that's what you've been chuckling and giggling over! Well, I won't go into it."

"Why, Clarence Donald! You won't pretend to steal chickens to please me!"

"But they may have a hired man, and I may be caught."

"Yes, they have got one, but he's lame and deaf, and always asleep by 8 o'clock. We are to go at midnight, you know. I've got it all planned out, and I wouldn't miss it for a thousand dollars."

"But hens squawk when you pull them off the perch, and some one else may hear."

"Then you are a fraidy. If I was a young man and dasn't go with a girl to steal a few chickens and play a joke I'd run home to mamma! I'll just go alone and clean out the whole roost."

"But I can't see the joke," protested Clarence.

"Of course not! That's because your name is Donald. It used to be McDonald, and you are a Scotchman, and you couldn't see a joke if there were a thousand hens in it. I'll tell Mollie how thick-headed you are!"

"I didn't say I wouldn't go. I was just making a few inquiries, you know. You don't think Mollie would be mad at me if we take the chickens?"

"Mad? Why, she'll just love you for it! She'll see at once that you are not Scotch and can take a joke. Why, it will surely bring about a marriage between you!"

"If you think that way?"

"Of course, I do."

Yes, Miss Mollie Parker had chickens. A mile away lived a hard-working, honest colored man, who had been helping himself to potpie at intervals and escaping suspicion. Miss Mollie also had a shotgun, and knew how to use it. She had loaded it with birdshot, and vowed by her ten pink toes that the next comer should find her ready for him.

As the hennery was two hundred feet from the house, and as no girl is going to sit by an open window all night on a winter's night when she has a bed awaiting her, there didn't seem much danger of the hard-working and honest colored man being peppered. While he would be pulling his potpies off the perch, Miss Mollie would be dreaming of pony coats and new hats.

But she foresaw just this very contingency, and, being something of a genius, as well as a good-looking girl, she strung a wire from her chamber window to the hennery and attached a bell. Then, with the shotgun within reach, and waiting to take the law into her own hands, she jumped into bed.

Up at The Birches at midnight's solemn hour—s-s-s-sh!

A door is cautiously opened—two doors. Two muffled figures steal down stairs. One of them giggles. Out of the front door and down the road! No moon! An ideal night for a hard-working, honest colored man to help himself to roast chicken.

"Now you are not a Scotchman!" whispers one muffled figure to another, as they slide and slip along.

"Thanks!"

"Now you can see a joke."

"Um."

"Now I'm not going to tell Mollie Parsons that you are stupid."

"No?"

"Now I'm sure that there'll be an engagement within a month."

"But that gun—"

Two muffled figures climbed a fence.

They wade through the snow up to their knees. They peek—they peer—they crouch!

The hennery is reached at last. Its guardian sleeps. The hens within are unconscious of peril. They think the hired man has come to give them an extra feed for being good. One muffled figure carefully opens the door. Two hundred feet away a bell rings and a girl hops out of bed, seizes the shotgun and raises the sash.

The alarm reaches the hennery. There is a gasp and an "Oh, my!" and one of the figures flees. The other seems to be confused, and it is while he is bumping against a pear tree and getting up again that he hears the report of a gun and feels forty birdshot enter his anatomy. He utters a long-drawn yell, and there is blood on the snow.

Two households are aroused. In one a girl exclaims:

"Father—mother—I've shot that chicken thief!"

In the other it is:

"Father—mother—cook—everybody; Clarence has been shot to death and is lying a cold corpse!"

If forty birdshot had been fired into a man by a girl and picked out by a doctor—if he had been carried into that girl's house—if she had shed tears over him—if she had vowed she never took him for a Scotchman—if chicken soup had been made for him from one of the hens he had come to steal—he would have done just what young Mr. Donald did, and the girl would have blushed and hung her head and whispered, "Y-yes!" the same as Miss Mollie Parker did.

American Diamonds

Occasionally small diamonds have been found among the ridges of gravel brought down from the North in the age of glaciers and scattered over the States bordering on the Great Lakes.

One of the government's geologists is of the opinion that these diamonds came from some place in Canada, and that by tracing back the lines of advance of the glaciers the original location of the gems may be discovered.

An effort to carry out this scientist's suggestion is to be made.

EXPERIENCES OF WIRELESS OPERATORS

As Told to the Man at the Big Desk

E. N. PICKERELL, WIRELESS OPERATOR S. S. "VASARI," TALKS OF SUB-DUING WILD BEASTS, EMOTIONS AND THINGS.

Well, as the poet would say, there's nothing to it, you've simply gotta hand it to "Pick." Meaning, of course, E. N. Pickerell, the marvel of the manuscript material mart, the mediator where mediocrity and magnificence meet, the mortal whose munificence with memoirs has metamorphosed and mustered the myriad musings of this monadic monger of multitudinous manuscripts. M-m-m-m-m.

Now that the humming has ceased, we mean to say that "Pick" is always there with a tale. We were talking the other day—that is, "Pick" was doing most of the talking—when, quite innocently, your purveyor of news of the doings of operators filled in an unexpected lull in the conversation with a remark to the effect that no matter where you may be these days you are in constant touch with the world's affairs.

"Stop!" exploded our wireless operator friend. "Don't you dare hand me any conversation on that point—I know. It wouldn't be at all bad if it was merely a case of knowing what the *world* was doing; the trouble with all these modern electrical inventions you were just going to prate about, is that the world knows too confounded well what *you* are doing. There is no such thing as solitude left.

We meekly begged to be excused and humbly inquired just how did the boomerang work, inwardly surmising that he had suffered some tiresome newspaper notoriety perhaps.

The thought in mind must have been reflected in our, we might say, always beatific and guileless countenance, for he shot forth a searching look before unloading his tale of woe.

"Now, don't think that anything I might say applies to my own case. My objections are based principally upon observation. I mean, from what I have

noticed among passengers aboard my ship. Take a prominent man, for instance—not a national character, but the average successful business man, a man whose name ordinarily will appear in the paper once or twice a year. Every trip there are at least half a dozen of this type on board. Do they want to be left alone? Yes. Are they? No.

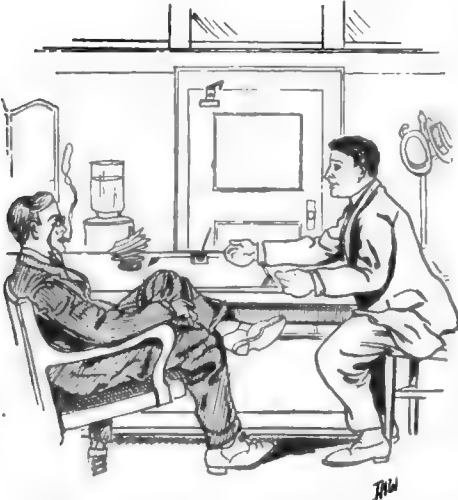
"Let us try to find out why they are making the trip. In nine cases out of ten, for a rest. And all because, as I said before, *there is no such thing as solitude left.*

"A quiet-looking, gray-haired man, with an affable manner attracts your attention when he first comes aboard.



SEALS A RECONCILIATION WITH AN ETHER-WAVED SMACK.

Two months ago he was an active, robust citizen, dividing his time between his home and the office of the big corporation in which he is an officer. Enter the dictagraph—the latest of the solitude destroying inventions. Unknown to him, one is placed under his bed, another in his office desk, transmitting his private conversation to the of-



"THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS SOLITUDE LEFT!"

fice of his ruthless competitor, where it is taken down. When the big lawsuit breaks it is printed word for word in a million newspapers. His nerves break down and the doctor orders him to sea for—this is funny—for a rest.

"In mid-ocean, the daily newspaper tells him soothing stories of the horrible crimes and terrible calamities of the land, sped by the Hertzian waves. Half way across he hears (as does everybody else within a thousand miles) that his wife in New York is threatening divorce action, on account of a whispered flirtation on shipboard the night before. The scarcely audible words meant only for certain shell-like ears, have incidentally reverberated half way around the world. The zit! zit! of the wireless causes his personal affairs to follow him and is responsible for the scandals of the world which daily filter through his mind all the time he is at sea. Arriving in port, he is plied with questions by the score of news ferrets who swarm over the side before the ship has reached quarantine.

"His first day ashore leaves a con-

fused impression of an incessantly jangling telephone, an army of messenger boys with cablegrams and a horde of strange faces asking his impressions on this and that. In desperation, he takes the next boat returning to the land of the skyscraper, selecting a small and slow one, in the hope that he may get some of the prescribed rest. He finds the same conditions as before. Half way back another ship is sighted, from which his wife calls up by wireless 'phone and seals a reconciliation with an ether-waved smack.

"Returned to the land of the, in a manner of speaking, free, he discovers that his experience has left him a little flighty, and he takes the first opportunity to get off the earth, going up in a balloon, seeking in the upper atmosphere the seclusion that he has not found anywhere else. Just as the barometer registers four miles up a familiar crackling sound is heard. He investigates and finds it the wireless again, and, being unable to escape, is forced to stand by the aeronaut while he is communicating with the earth. In a few minutes that individual turns to him and says: 'Denver is calling and says that the Curst Syndicated Press wants an interview with you on how it feels to be up in the air.' Prefacing his remarks with a wailing cry, he dictates some intractable and incoherent impressions, which are eagerly devoured, twenty-one and a half minutes later, by the eleven million readers of the *New York Evening Infernal*, the *Boston Shriek*, the *Chicago Yowl*, the *San Francisco Howl*, and the rest of the fortissimo press. Moving pictures of his descent appear in every town in America one week later. What's the answer? Padded cell."

"Pick" paused for breath, for his rising indignation had exhausted the atmosphere on hand. Inadvertently, we laughed. The very force of his tirade had brought to mind an item which we had noticed in one of the daily newspapers, telling how "Pick" had routed a fierce leopard which had broken loose from its cage. We felt that our first impression was right—our wireless friend did not relish the publicity handed him through the leopard taming episode.

We asked him about this. Two ink-wells, followed by a book, a pad of paper, a paste-pot, and various small articles within reach whizzed by our dome of thought. By then we *knew* wherefore the wailing.

However, fifteen yards of kind and conciliatory conversation and a clear Havana brought forth a few details of the incident, adventure, or what you will to call it.

"Among the cargo of the *Vasari* when she left Rio de Janeiro on her last trip was a fierce Brazilian leopard," he began. "The cage which held it looked strong enough to resist anything but a stick of dynamite, so I, nor any one on board for that matter, were particularly worried about the animal. I recall that curiosity as to the reason for carrying such a congenial companion prompted me to pay an early visit, but finding a tag on the cage labeled 'Bronx Zoological Gardens, New York,' I did not give the beast a second thought.

"Besides, shortly afterward we pushed our nose right into that tornado which caused such a heavy loss of life in South America, giving me plenty of other things to think about. Again when we were about 400 miles southeast of Sand Hook we bumped right into a terrific gale which stood us on our beam ends.

"That was considerable storm, believe me. Along about midnight, while I was trying my best to take a message and hold on to the table at the same time, the door of the wireless cabin swung open with a bang. The howling gale immediately grabbed it, and aided by the motion of the ship, slammed it back and forth about fourteen times a second. For several minutes I tried to get the incoming message, but the door made such a racket that nothing else could be heard. Finally, I signaled the sender to wait a minute, and got up to close it.

"I took just one step and my blood froze in my veins. There, coming through the doorway, was the leopard!

"In an instant the whole situation flashed through my mind. The cage had been banged about in the hold until something had broken, freeing this wild beast, whose eyes were fixed hungrily on me. A quick glance about

revealed the appalling fact that no weapon of any kind was at hand. If I called out no one would hear my voice above the storm. I was alone and unarmed, cooped up in a cabin whose only exit was blocked by a snarling leopard!

"Slowly, his eyes watching for the slightest movement, the beast glided through the door. Cold chills began to run up and down my spine. I was powerless—I could not move. Nearer and nearer he came. He crouched, ready to spring. Suddenly everything went black before my eyes, my muscles gave way and I fell back on the table, holding the wireless instruments.

"C-r-a-c-k! crashed the spark—my hand had accidentally fallen on the sending key—the flash lit up the cabin! The beast crouched, spellbound. With a last flicker of hope, I pressed the key down again. At the second flash the leopard drew back a trifle. Then I saw my only chance of salvation, and pounded the key for all I was worth. Every time the spark flew the beast became more frightened. Gradually he backed



AT THE SECOND FLASH THE LEOPARD DREW BACK A TRIFLE.

through the door until he reached the deck, then with a squeal of fright ran aft.

"I sounded the alarm, and after an hour's chase all over the vessel, the leopard was cornered and dragged into his cage. Several of the crew were badly scratched, but no one was seriously injured."

THE THREE SPEARS

By Maude J. Perkins

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A girl was riding toward Holcomb, riding like the wind on a wiry pinto. Behind her was an escort of four Yaqui maidens, who did not display the grace and abandon of their leader.

She brought her horse up standing within a few feet of Holcomb's own, and the adventurer saw that she was not Indian at all, but pure Spanish. Her creamy, oval face, full scarlet lips and eyes like pools of black water made her very attractive.

The black eyes appraised Holcomb swiftly. He sat his horse like a cowboy, but the pack animal behind was laden with the outfit of the prospector. He was bronzed by hot suns, and his handsome face carried an expression of bold fearlessness that just escaped recklessness.

"Senor," she said abruptly in Spanish, "don't go to the 'Three Spears.'"

"Why?" demanded Holcomb abruptly. For an instant his eyes sought the shimmering southwest, where three slender peaks arose from the gray of the desert into the hard blue of the sky.

"Danger!" With the single word the girl wheeled her horse abruptly and set off at a gallop toward the river with her cavalcade. Their goal was a herd of cattle which was straying from the vicinity of the settlement.

Holcomb, pondering, rode on to the Yaqui town. It was situated near the only water within forty miles, a stream sunk deep in the cleft of the rocks. It was far below the level of the half desert prairie that stretched away to the mountains. The huts and tents of the town were grouped on a shelf just above high water.

Two-score yards below the town, near where the women were washing clothes, the river dived into a deep orifice in the mountainside. Running at right angles with the stream was a range of mountains to the west, terminating in the distance with the "Three Spears."

Picking his way down to the river, along a trail steep and dangerous, Hol-

comb replenished his water supply, bought meal of the sullen Indians, and set out on his way to the west again. As he climbed to the plateau a chief halted him with upraised hands—a tall man with stern brown face and narrow eyes.

"The stranger must not go to the 'Three Spears'" he grunted.

Holcomb returned the hostile gaze with calmness. He rolled a husk cigarette, lighted it and shook the reins. "I heard you, chief," he answered. The Indian stepped ungraciously aside.

An hour later Holcomb noted four dots on the northern horizon—two mounted Yaquis with packhorses, swinging out and ahead of him in a wide half-circle.

Holcomb was up next morning at the earliest break of dawn, for the "Three Spears" were less than a day's journey away, and he was anxious to reach them. At noon, when he stopped for a hasty lunch, he was within the mouth of the defile which led to the higher fastnesses.

He was tightening the cinch of his horse, for the trail ahead was steep and narrow, when a sound caused him to wheel. The Spanish girl of the day before was coming toward him.

Her thin dress was torn and her mocasins were cut to shreds. There were angry bruises on her bare arms and she limped as she walked.

"You must go back!" she cried urgently in Spanish; "the 'Three Spears' mean death."

His mouth set in an obstinate line. "I traveled for six weeks to see the 'Three Spears.' They say there's gold there; that's why the Indians guard them so closely."

The girl laid an imploring hand on his arm. "No, no!" Her earnestness could not be mistaken. "There is no gold there. But in the valley of the 'Three Spears' is the burial-place of the tribes. The Great Father comes there. And the white man must not see.

"If he profanes the valley with his footsteps, he dies. Even now the guards are waiting. They will kill you if you go on."

Holcomb's face fell. "I don't care much about graveyards," he muttered. "If there's no gold, I'm not curious. But," he asked abruptly, "what are you doing with this tribe?"

"My father had a ranch there." She pointed to the southwest. "He died three months ago, and the Yaquis seized our cattle and horses. I am a prisoner, though they treat me kindly. They are afraid I would bring the rurales if they freed me."

"How did you get here?"

"The senor saw where the water flows into the mountain? At sundown, when they were not watching, I let myself into the river, and was carried through to the other side. I had seen the boys do it in play."

"It was very dark and the current is swift. Sometimes I struck upon the rocks, but the dear Virgin protected me, and I came into the blessed air again. After one passes through the mountain there is a secret path, much shorter than the horse must take, to the 'Three Spears.' So I was in time to warn the senor."

Holcomb seized the girl's hand impulsively in his own. "You did that for me?" he asked, wonderingly. "But you were hurt—you must have been injured on the cruel rocks."

"No," she replied; "a few bruises. They are nothing. And I did it for myself, too, senor. I wanted to be free again."

The cowboy-pro prospector burst into English: "You're sure a plucky little kid! I'll get you back to civilization, or bust a laig! 'Texas' Holcomb may have been a pretty tough citizen, but he ain't an ongrateful one. How do we get out of here? Them Injuns may come surgin' down any time. An' I ain't goin' t' take chances—with you along."

The girl smiled and colored at the look in his brown eyes. "The four horses are hidden just below," she replied, also in English, and without accent. "We must take them and go north. If you do not come soon into their valley, they will creep back and

find our footsteps. If we leave the horses they will follow."

"Good; we'll take the horses then. Lead on; I'll follow. What may I call you, ma'am?"

"My name is Isabella de la Barro, but father called me 'Chiquita.'"

"'Chiquita'—that means 'little one.' Chiquita it is!"

They found the hidden animals without trouble. The pack animals were laden with food, and with water in skins. This, explained Chiquita, was because the two Yaquis were going on a search for poorly guarded cattle after Holcomb had been disposed of and his belongings appropriated.

The girl swung into the saddle of one of the horses, and they were off. By sundown they had put several miles between themselves and the dangerous "Three Spears." Chiquita cooked supper on the fire which Holcomb built, and never had the prospector tasted a meal more delicious.

Holcomb treated her as he would have his sister treated under similar circumstances. At night she slept the sleep of innocence and honest fatigue in his one blanket, while he shivered and dozed, since it grew chill when the sun went down.

By day they plodded northward at a good pace, Holcomb, "with his head on his shoulder," for there was danger of pursuit. But the Yaquis were evidently discouraged because of the start which the fugitives had obtained, and the number of fresh horses at their command.

Chiquita was an ideal traveling companion. She was always bright and gay, delighted with what the moment brought, and taking no thought of the morrow. She was quick to see the changing beauties of the vast country and point them out to Holcomb. Sometimes, with childish impulsiveness, she tugged at his sleeve or clasped his brown wrist, and he thrilled at her touch as the strings of the harp respond to the hand of the player.

After two weeks they came at last to the sight of a town nestling in a hollow below the ridge of hills on which they stood. It was mid-afternoon. The clear air etched the hamlet with wonderful distinctness. They could see the toy men and women in the streets.

"There's Ascension, Chiquita," said Holcomb; "ain't you glad?"

"Yes," replied the girl, listlessly. The adorable sparkle had died out of her piquant face.

"So am I," went on the prospector. "Do you know why, little one?"

She turned grave eyes upon him. "Why, my friend?"

"Because there's a priest there. Unless—" he added humbly, after a pause, "you don't want me. I know I ain't good enough—"

The girl, rosy with happiness, flung herself into his arms. "Why, dearest one," she said, in her liquid Spanish. "I have loved thee always."

Platform for Launching Aeroplanes

During the recent manœuvres of the British Home fleets at Weymouth, much prominence was given to the operations of air scouts in connection with the evolutions of the various squadrons. The accompanying photograph shows the naval hydro-aeroplane on the launching stage, or platform, erected on the forward deck of the battleship *Hibernia*, the first British warship to be so fitted.



The *Hibernia* is one of the eight battleships of the "King Edward VII." class and was commissioned in 1907. She has a displacement of 16,350 tons, with a speed of 18.5 knots, and carries four 12 in. guns in the main battery, four 9.2 in. guns mounted singly in turrets at the corners of the superstructure and a main deck battery of ten 6 in. guns, with an anti-torpedo armament of fourteen 12 prs. These ships resemble somewhat the American *Connecticut* class. —

She—What do you mean by saying that Elsa is "more or less pretty?"

He—Well, she's more pretty than most girls and less pretty than you.

American Ships Get New Wireless Calls

Hitherto the wireless companies in the United States have been assigning call letters to ships they equip and the result has been duplications and lack of system. The Government has been consulting American shipowners, suggesting that they accept a uniform call system to be provided by the Bureau of Navigation. More than 80 per cent. of shipowners agreed and the Bureau is sending out a list of wireless calls for American ships on the Atlantic coast.

The calls are to be easily distinguishable, each formed of three letters and the International Bureau, at Berne, Switzerland, was instructed to see that the same call letters were not assigned to two or more wireless stations.

The Bureau of Navigation has completed arrangements with the Berne Bureau for the assignment of call letters to American ships and shore stations. When the readjustment has been completed it will be forwarded to the Berne Bureau and issued for the information of ships and shore stations of all nations. American ships will thus become part of the world's system of radio-communication, each ship and shore station having its own call letters which can be recognized by the ships and shore stations of all other nations.

The International Bureau has assigned the series beginning with K and W to American merchant vessels and yachts, and the series beginning with N to the United States Navy. The Bureau of Navigation has adopted the plan of assigning the K groups to vessels usually on the Atlantic and W group to vessels on the Pacific. It has endeavored to arrange, as far as possible, the two remaining letters so that the same second letter shall be assigned to vessels of the same line. The third letter will be the ship's distinctive letter. For example, a line on the Atlantic has twenty-five steamers equipped with wireless. The first wireless call letter will be K, representing an American vessel on the Atlantic; the second Q, identifying the particular line, and the third letter that of the vessel.

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EDITORIAL

Frank Corder, the well-known Cedar Grove artist and snake expert, has made a discovery recently which must be of great interest to all who study the habits of snakes. Mr. Corder's reputation for veracity and his own great knowledge of snakes prop up the story with a strength that all scientists must pay attention to. According to George Henry Smith, whose hobby it is to see that the New York newspapers do not overlook this town, Mr. Corder is the author of "Snake Hypnotism and Bird Mesmerism."

Mr. Corder looked out of his studio window the other day. The studio is planted in a large field. Near the building Mr. Corder saw a large blacksnake hypnotizing two blackbirds.

The snake had one of the birds fixed by the glitter of his eyes. The other bird appeared to waver and seemed about to break the spell. Then the snake stuck the rear end of his body up in the air and wriggled it.

Across the field Mr. Corder saw a movement in the grass. Then he saw the tail of another snake wriggling desperately in the air. The first snake wriggled some more, and then the second snake, with one reassuring flirt with his tail, glided through the grass to

the side of the first snake and took up the work of mesmerizing the bird which had wavered under the spell which snake No. 1 had cast.

Mr. Corder figures the thing out this way: The first snake knew he couldn't hold the two birds by his divided stare, so he sent out a C. Q. D. for aid. The speedy response of the second snake after the wriggling causes Mr. Corder to think that the snakes have a wireless system of their own for communication. It was evident from the length of time consumed in the wriggling that the first snake had told the whole story to the second snake and had promised the bird in return for the aid which he asked.

Or so George Henry Smith says.

The time is well within the the memory of young men when those who predicted "horseless carriages" and flying machines were looked upon as irresponsible dreamers, persons who were "touched in the head" or "off in their upper story." But the day is already here when the automobiles are almost as common in the cities at least as horses and aeroplanes and hydroplanes are no longer given a second glance in some places. Similar remarks can be recalled concerning wireless telegraphy.

In the course of experiments a few days ago aboard a yacht owned by the Prince of Monaco the tune of "La Marseillaise," played in the harbor of Algiers, was distinctly heard in the harbor of Toulon, France, on the opposite side of the Mediterranean. The apparatus used is the invention of De Zepel, a French inventor.

Other inventors who have studied wireless telegraphy and wireless telephony are of the opinion that that the new invention is capable of practical application, and that its use is but a natural step following the development of wireless telegraphy. It is not true, however, that distance has been abolished so far as sound is concerned. The electric waves, not those of the sound, are the ones transmitted. It goes without saying that inventors the world around will give renewed and increased attention to this phase of telephony, and within a few months new discoveries and improvements are likely to be announced.

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS

Convenient



"Your auto is always breaking down when you've hardly started."

"Yes; that's why I like it. Makes it so convenient to haul it back home."

An Interpretation

"That 'E pluribus unum' is a great motto," said Mr. Dustin Stax. "I think I'll apply it to the big business I built up in Wall Street."

"I don't see how you can do so."

"Why, they told me it means 'won out of many.'"

The First Thing

Sillicus—What is the first thing a fellow should do if he wants to please a girl?

Cynicus—Make a fool of himself over her.

Elusive

"They say there are as many microbes on a dollar bill as on a fly."

"Gee! but I'd like to get near enough to swat a few of 'em."

Taking No Chances

At a Southern hotel bar one day a bell boy came in with an order for a gin fizz for a man upstairs. The darkey drink mixer immediately got busy and threw together a most elaborate concoction. It really was a marvel. As the drink neared completion the bell boy's eyes grew larger and larger, and, as the artist dropped a cherry into the foaming glass, his mouth actually watered. The finished product was placed on the tray, and the bell boy started off with it. The darkey bartender noticed the gleam in the bell boy's eyes, and called to him:

"Heah, you black kid. Min' yo', tak' dat right up to de gemmen's room, an' whistle while yo' go."

Sunday School Teacher—Yes. Job was sadly afflicted, but his patience was rewarded. In what condition do we find him at the end of his life?

Bright Scholar—Dead.

Of Course



Sadie is eleven and Alice seven.

At luncheon Sadie said: "I wonder what part of the cow chop is. Is it a leg?"

"Of course not," replied Alice. "It's the jawbone. Haven't you ever heard of animals licking their chops?"

SOMEWHAT HUMOROUS

Might be Worse



"There ain't no fish there, sonny."
 "I know it, but dis is better'n minding de baby at home."

Wires Tangled

Thomas A. Edison was accepting blandly a reporter's apology for an error in a quotation.

"Oh," Mr. Edison said, "I am rather well used to being misquoted. Electrical terms are always confusing to the lay mind. No wonder. Listen to this:

Here Mr. Edison drew a telegram from his pocket.

"I got this telegram from an assistant electrician this morning," he said. "Listen," and he read:

"Wire with no outside outside. Put inside wire outside and outside inside. Need more outside for inside."

He Misunderstood Orders

Mistakes made over the telephone are sometimes as humorous as they are serious. One is told involving the suburban woman and her husband.

"You know," she said, "I wanted to persuade our hens to lay in the nests we had provided for them. So I telephoned my husband to bring home a couple of artificial eggs with him."

"Well, and didn't he?"

"Didn't he? He brought home a pair of cork legs."

His Platform

A prominent Chicago politician, when a candidate for an important municipal office related the following story of his campaign:

"Once I told three negroes that I'd give a big turkey to the one who'd give the best reason for his being a Republican.

"The first one said: 'I'se a 'publican kase de 'publican set us niggers free.'

"Very good, Pete," said I, 'Now, Bill, let me hear from you.'

"Well, I'se a 'publican kase de gone gib us a pertective tariff.'

"Fine!" I exclaimed, 'Now, Sam, what have you to say?'

"Boss," said Sam, scratching his head and shifting from one foot to the other, 'boss I'se a 'publican kase I wants dat turkey.'

"And he got it."

"I want you to understand that I got my money by hard work."

"Why, I thought it was left you by your uncle."

"So it was; but I had hard work getting it away from the lawyers."

A Much Wiser Course



Milly—Gee! We'll be late fer supper an' git a lickin, sure. Let's kneel down an' pray that they won't give it to us.

Tilly—Nothin' doin'. Let's pray, all right. But pray while we're runnin' as fast as we kin run!

COMMON NAUTICAL TERMS

- Longitude** Distance directly east or west of the Meridian of Greenwich.
- Altitude** Angular distance of the Pole above the horizon.
- Sextant** An instrument for measuring a required angle by the manipulation of mirrors.
- Dead Reckoning**. A method of finding a ship's approximate position from the course steered and distance run.
- Equinox** Equal length of day and night occurring toward the end of March and September.
- Nautical Mile** The sixtieth part of a degree. Six knots may be roughly taken as equal to 7 miles.
- Chart** A sea map.
- Fathom** Six feet.
- Soundings** Depth of water in fathoms or feet at low water of spring tides.
- Drift Current**... Movement of the surface of the sea.
- Flood-tide** Rising tide.
- Ebb-tide** Falling tide.
- Spring-tide** High-tide caused by the sun and moon being on the meridian together, or in opposition.
- Neap-tide** Low-tide caused by the sun and moon being furthest apart.
- Height of Tide**.. Difference between level of high-water and that of low-water.
- Age of the Tide**. Difference of time between the moon's transit and appearance at the tide.
- Deadlight** A covering of wood or metal for a port, used in severe weather.
- Bower Anchor**... A working anchor, kept ready for immediate use.
- Sheet Anchor**... A spare anchor, reserved for occasions of urgency.
- Log** An instrument towed by the vessel, by which the distance sailed is ascertained.
- Log (Logbook)**. Official daily record of the ship's proceedings.
- Aft (abaft)**..... Toward the stern or end of the vessel.
- Forward** Toward the bow or front of the vessel.
- Starboard** The right-hand side of the ship looking forward.
- Port** The left-hand side of the ship looking forward.
- Port** State-room window.
- Weather-side** ... The side of the ship toward the wind.
- Lee-side** The side away from the wind.
- Fore-and-aft** ... Lengthwise with the ship.
- Thwartship** Crosswise to the ship.
- Mid-ship** Toward the middle or "waist" of a ship, equidistant from the bow and astern.
- Poop** A raised deck toward the stern.
- Fo'castle** The "fore castle"—seamen's quarters.
- Gloryhole** Steward's quarters.
- Galley** Kitchen.
- Alleyway** Passageway.
- Bulkhead** Partition.
- Scupper** Channel for water.
- Rolling** Motion of a ship from side to side.
- Pitching** Plunging of a ship's head in the sea, causing up-and-down movement.
- Scending** A mixture of rolling and pitching.
- Latitude** Distance directly north or south of the Equator.

Lights of Ships

All vessels under way show two side lights, green on the starboard side and red on the port side. Sailing vessels carry no other lights under ordinary conditions, but steamers carry in addition to these two an elevated white light in the foretop. A vessel being overtaken by another shows a white flare light at the stern. Pilot ships on station show a white light at the mast head, and flare lights on deck at frequent intervals.

OLD CONVICT SHIP SAILING TO AMERICA

The old Australian Convict Ship *Success*, which for some years has been on exhibition in British ports, left Glasgow Dock, Lancaster, recently for New York under her own canvas. She was due to sail over a week before, but could not put to sea as a number of the first crew engaged, superstitious of the gruesome old vessel and its association with some of the most horrible episodes of English penal life, declared it was haunted by the ghosts of dead malefactors and refused to remain on board. By a promise of considerably enhanced pay, however, a sufficient crew, under Captain John Scott, Commodore of the old fleet of Quebec timber traders, was in-

duced to undertake what must really prove to be a perilous and adventurous voyage seeing that this notorious old "Ocean Hell," as the Australians designated her when she was commodore ship of the felon fleet, is now the oldest vessel in the world carrying sail.

The Convict Ship is the bearer of many records and historic interests. In herself she is the only survivor of the prison fleet and is a terrible reminder, in these days of enlightened prison reform, of the cruel barbarities of the English overseas penal system that persisted even down to the days of the mid-Victorian period. As a museum of the horrors of the time when men were transported for stealing a two-penny pork pie or a yard of calico and hanged for crimes hardly more serious the *Success* is unique. She is probably the only ship now existing wholly built of teak, and as she is equipped with the Mar-

coni wireless, furnishes a unique contrast between the eighteenth and twentieth centuries.

After a tour in Australia and New Zealand as an exhibition ship, the *Success* sailed for England, in 1890, and her appearance in the Thames, after a voyage lasting 165 days, created an immense sensation. Since then she has circumnavigated Great Britain and Ireland twice, and been shown five times in London. Her visitors have included the King and Prince of Wales,

the Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg and other members of the royal family, the German Emperor, Captain Dreyfus of Devil's Island, Lord Charles Beresford, the late Wil-



liam E. Gladstone and other notabilities.

She was built in 1790 at Moulmain, Burmah, "by the old Moulmain Pagoda looking eastward to the sea," of solid teak, for the East India Company, as an armed merchantman, and her armament consisted of seven brass guns on each side. Her tonnage is 589, and she is 135 feet long and 29 feet beam. Her solid sides are 2 feet 6 inches thick at the bilge, and her keelson is a solid teak baulk of tremendous thickness, with sister keelsons little less massive. Her square-cut stern and quarter galleries stamp her at once with the hall-mark of antiquity, and her bluff bow shows that she could never have distinguished herself for a high rate of speed. Yet pains were taken to make her trim and smart, and fit to hold a leading place among her sister ships of the Anglo-Indian fleet. Her decks were trodden

by the silken-slipped feet of Indian princes and nabobs of rank and quality and by merchants trading in ivory, silk, and precious stones whose patronage was catered for by the owners of these ships of pleasing and even gorgeous exterior. Remnants of great gilded scrolls upon a rich blue ground have been brought to light on scratching away the super-imposed coating. The quarter galleries, too, were originally decorated with massive and artistic carvings. Escutcheons can easily be traced at regular intervals from stem to stern, and the fo'c'sle head, raised high aloft forward, bears at its extremity a symbol of innocence and beautiful womanhood in the original figure-head of exquisite design, a strangely inappropriate emblem in the days when crime-stained convicts in clanking chains put to flight all thoughts of innocence and beauty.

The *Success* landed the first English emigrants at the place where the city of Perth, Australia, now stands, and was later purchased by the Victorian Government for conversion into a prison ship. Cells, strong and gloomy, were constructed on the 'tween and lower decks, and in these the desperate prisoners of a desperate time were "accommodated." A large force of wardens was employed to guard the prisoners, and in order to isolate the ship a cordon of buoys was moored round the hulk at a distance of seventy-five yards, and any person entering the circle without authority, or not being possessed with a countersign, rendered himself liable to the severest penalties, even to being shot on sight.

The lower deck was devoted to the worst type of convicts, and only prisoners of the better class were confined in the 'tween deck cells. These men were employed at the quarries and in the construction of the pier and breakwater which stand to-day at Fort Williamstown, Melbourne, Australia, as reminders of the worst old days of the last century. It is recorded that during the time the *Success* served as a convict prison not one man escaped, so perfect was the discipline and so rigorous the confinement of the convicts. In 1857 the disclosures that had been made of the brutal and inhuman treatment meted

out to prisoners created a fierce outcry in Australia, amounting almost to revolt against the English Government and resulted in the abandonment of the hulk system. For some years later—from 1860 to 1868—the *Success* was used as a women's prison, then she became successively a reformatory ship and ammunition store, and later all the prison hulks were ordered to be sold on the express condition that they were to be broken up, "and their associations lost to the recollection of the residents of Melbourne." By a clerical error, however, that condition did not appear upon the terms of sale of the *Success*. Hence, she became the only Australian convict ship afloat. It was not until 1890, however, that she appeared before the public as an exhibition ship. In 1892 a gang of Sydney, N. S. W., residents stealthily boarded her to revenge themselves for the outrage on their pride caused by the exhibition of their ancestors, and all the figures were mutilated beyond repair. The figures were replaced—but in order to make their work more certain she was again attacked, scuttled and sunk, but after the lapse of some time and at enormous expense her owners raised her, and since then she has been on exhibition not only in the Antipodean colonies but, as previously stated, in nearly every British port.

Many of the cells are tenanted with figures of men who have made criminal history in Australia. Among them is Harry Power, a noted bushranger, who served seven years in the gloomy lower deck and afterwards became a guide to visitors on the ship. There may also be seen the "six men of Dorset," who, for forming an agricultural laborers union with the object of securing an increase of 1 shilling per week wages, were sentenced to seven years' transportation, and after serving three years in the cells of the *Success* were pardoned. A monument to their memory—the first trade unionists—now stands in their native town, and this is one of the many contrasts, afforded by the old convict ship, between the spirit of the time now and of a period so recent that it is sunk in the memory of many living. Readers of Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery Under Arms" can see Captain Starlight,

brother of an Irish baronet, who, with a reward of £500 on his head, dined daily with the chief of police, won a race on a stolen thoroughbred, and was eventually shot by troopers. Daniel Morgan, the most cruel bushranger ever known, Owan Suffolk, a man of great literary attainments who also served on the *Success*, and many others may be seen in effigy.

A Lighthouse Takes Toll

An old sportsman of Normandy declares that round the lighthouse of Barfleur last November there were picked up in the course of four nights 10,000 birds of all sorts, including 1,800 woodcock. The lighthouse on the Pointe de Penmarch, in Brittany, has a revolving light of 30,000,000 candle-power. Visiting this on November 10 last year, and again on the 12th, an observer saw tens of thousands of birds whirling round, and it seemed to him that the light shot out a perfect hail of electric sparks among the migrants. Next morning he was present while the dead bodies were being collected. They are dispatched every day to Paris by train, and the "catch," he was told, often comprised from 2,000 to 4,000 victims; one morning alone there had been more than 500 woodcock in the "bag."

If All the Skies

If all the skies were sunshine,
Our faces would be fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence,
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

—HENRY VAN DYKE.

The High Financial Adventures of Sir John Kynnersley

(Continued from page 246.)

Sir John had won the first hand. The first thing the following day he cabled to Mr. Meadows' Chicago bankers, telling them he was drawing a check for \$15,000,000, that it must be met upon presentation, that he depended on them to make the necessary arrangements.

At the hour fixed by letter from Mr. Walter, he and his brother arrived to keep the appointment.

The interview was brief. The London *Times* was to be handed over as a going concern that day. Sir John signed a check for £3,000,000, which he passed across. He had carefully practiced the signature, and the check had been made out by the stenographer.

"I suppose," he said, "you would like to cable across to see if the check will be met before you hand over the paper?"

Mr. Walter accepted the suggestion, and cabled the inquiry, a cable following from "Mr. Meadows" to the bank, telling them to answer any question of Mr. Walter's. The baronet then suggested lunch, and before it was over the reply from the Chicago bankers had been received:

"Have instruction to honor check for sum mentioned. Our client good for many times the amount."

The three men walked to Printing House Square, and the baronet was introduced as Mr. Meadows, the new proprietor, to Mr. Moberly Bell, the manager, and Mr. Buckle, the editor. Soon afterwards the old proprietors left the building.

"Now, Mr. Buckle, I want to know the hang of the business. I presume you take your orders from me now?"

"No, Mr. Meadows, I don't. I will take marching orders from you if you wish."

"Well, Mr. Buckle, I'm really sorry, but I guess it will have to be those you speak of, then."

In half an hour the assistant editor was installed in the editorial chair on terms the baronet laid down.

The city editor was similarly got rid of and a successor appointed.

"See here," the baronet had remarked to each of the retiring officials, "I don't object, and I suppose you'll want to disclaim responsibility, and announce your resignation, but you will please keep my name out of it."

Sir John then left the office, and never set foot in it again. But he intended that things should hum.

Knowing the power that lay behind the *Thunderer*, the first day Sir John had control of the paper an eloquent article appeared, dealing with the unemployed question. After deploring the situation, the *Times* alluded to the many efforts which had been made to deal with the matter, but laid it down that it was evident past endeavors had taken place upon mistaken lines. Bound up with the one trouble was the other, equally pronounced, that the population was flocking into the towns to swell the ranks of the unemployed, while the agricultural part of the country, through a lack of labor, was lying derelict, or else producing but half of the national wealth which should be its annual quota. It was, the *Times* laid it down, flagrantly absurd to pit the human labor, compulsory in England, a country of enclosed fields and varying levels, in which the extensive use of machinery was impossible, against the miles upon miles of reclaimed prairie in the wheat belt of Canada and the United States. The salvation of agricultural England lay not in wheat-growing, but in "petit-culture." It was all very well to cry "back to the land," but unless the land could produce profits capable of carrying wages big enough to benefit labor on a financial basis alone, the cry was futile. While mills and factories could pay 25s. to 30s. weekly for unskilled labor, the land must pay the same to get that labor back. Unemployed colonies had failed; they had become charitable dumpings of the unemployed. The idea of a peasant proprietary had failed in England, and always would fail, because those of the working-class who had brains and initiative were never content with such a position, and the rest lacked brains and initiative, and lacked the capital to carry on till the labor they put in the soil came back to them in money. The *Times*, however, proposed to demonstrate that its own theory was capable

of success in a practical form. It proposed to start colonies for petit-culture in different parts of England as business undertakings. The labor necessary for each would be employed; but no greater excess from charitable ideas. Everything would be done on business lines, and the *Times* would not rest content until as a profitable business speculation the *Times* colony had been extended sufficiently to secure that every pound of butter, every egg, every vegetable, every atom of indigenous fruit which was now imported, was grown within the United Kingdom.

The article concluded with the figures necessary to prove the accuracy of its forecast, and appealed to the public to provide the capital for the venture. The extent of the initial experiment would depend upon the amount of the funds the public made available; but the proprietors of the *Times* were willing to guarantee a dividend of four per cent. for five years on all capital subscribed, and bonds in due form would be issued for that capital. The *Times* headed the list with the sum of £10,000. Sir John had baited the hook well. Financiers and philanthropists alike subscribed to the issue, and in six days—the interval announced—the sum received at the *Times* office when the lists were closed had reached the desired total of £300,000.

The money had been paid into a special account at the Bank of England in the names of Mr. Meadows and two mythical trustees whose names had figured in the subscription list for mythical sums.

The money subscribed was paid out on a single check to the order of a well-known stock-broker, who took payment in notes and a bank draft.

The bank naturally assumed the money was being withdrawn for investment, and so little, if any, suspicion was created. That—for the nonce—the clerk of the firm who presented the check was Sir John Kynnersley, was a detail the Bank of England could hardly be supposed to know. Sir John carefully deposited the notes and draft at his chambers, and drew a breath of relief that he had lifted the money before the exposure had come.

(Continued on page 267.)

NEW YORK ATTRACTIONS

By D. H. RICHARDS.

Officer 666

Gaiety Theatre, Broadway and 46th street. This play is an unusual one, it keeps you guessing throughout the three acts and administers some delightful surprises in the way of unexpected thrills that are pleasant to receive and agreeable to recall. The coolest crook and the most blase lover are to be found in this cast. The former calmly assumes the name and occupies the house of an

fair to continue for an endless number of weeks.

The Rose Maid

Globe Theatre, Broadway and Forty-sixth street. This delightful operetta starts with a swing and dash from the very first bar. The music is lively and "catchy," and the audience is interested immediately, and causes volumes of applause. One of the charming little



ACT II. IN "OFFICER 666."

absent millionaire and nonchalantly proceeds to rifle the residence of its valuable paintings, while the latter is mistaken by the police for the picture thief they are trailing. Messrs. Wallace Eddinger and George Nash, who take the leading parts, keep the audience in a hilarious mood throughout the performance. This farce bids

songs, entitled, "Lost, a Heart," exactly describes the situation, for Broadway has lost its heart completely to "The Rose Maid," with its many tuneful numbers and gay comedy scenes. Seldom has an operetta of the better class made such a success with the public at this season. Although it is now in its fourth month, it is still drawing crowds,

and will continue to do so throughout the summer. It is, fortunately, playing at the coolest theatre, for the Globe has a removable roof, and is the only open-air playhouse in New York. On hot nights the audience sits beneath a starry sky while the auditorium is cooled by a patent cooling plant. Messrs. Werba and Luescher have arranged for a 14,000-mile Pacific Coast tour of "The Rose Maid," to begin in September in New Orleans, playing the holidays in San Francisco, Washington's Birthday in Seattle, and returning via Alberta and Saskatchewan, Canada.

soloist, and the first notes heard after the "Hallelujah Chorus" of one thousand voices, will be the beautiful "Let the Bright Seraphim," by the great singer, who is a native of that State.

An Entire Year

It goes without saying that "Bought and Paid For" at the Playhouse and "Buntz Pulls the Strings," at the Comedy, will run all summer, both of them completing an entire year's run in New York.

"The Passing Show of 1912" will be



MISS EDITH DECKER, MR. R. E. GRAHAM AND THE SIX KUTE KIDDIES IN "THE ROSE MAID."

The Maine Music Festival, to be held at Portland, Me., on October 14th, 15th and 16th, will surpass all other years since it started, eighteen years ago. The first day will be devoted to the dedication of the new auditorium, which is part of the new City Hall recently completed at an expense of over one million dollars. The magnificent organ, which is unsurpassed in this country, will be used for the first time.

Mme. Lillian Nordica will be the star

the next grand spectacle at the Winter Garden, and in many ways is expected to be the most remarkable so far staged at this popular house. Sidney Rosenfeld has provided the book. The lyrics have been supplied by Harold Atteridge, while the music was composed from the fertile imagination of Louis Hirsch, of "Gaby Glide" fame.

"The Passing Show of 1912" will be acted by a special company, all favorites, and none of whom have re-

cently appeared at the Winter Garden. Among the new faces are a number of European artists especially engaged for this event, who will contribute acts of a distinctly novel turn.

The Weber & Fields Jubilee Company have ended one of the most successful theatrical seasons in the history of the American stage.

"The Indoor Swimming Club" has been organized by the members of the Winter Garden Company, which, by the permission of the management, will use the pool underneath the stage during the summer months. This tank was employed by Annette Kellermann in her recent engagement at the Winter Garden, and is the largest in any theatre, except the Hippodrome. An expert instructor has been engaged. New bathing costumes, in accordance with the fitness of gloves, have been ordered, and, with a little more experience, the members of this club propose to make frequent trips to the seashore resorts.



IRENE CLAIRE, AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

The High Financial Adventures of Sir John Kynnersley

(Continued from page 264.)

The ten days the doctor had spoken of as the time necessary for recovery, were drawing to a close, and the baronet knew he had pretty well come to the end of his tether. Whether or not "Mr. Russell" came to the full possession of his senses, Sir John knew that in two days' time Mrs. Meadows and his daughter were due to arrive in England. To impose on a man's wife and daughter he felt would be impossible, and he did not propose to attempt it. He began to fold up his tents before silently stealing away. He had carefully dealt with all the millionaire's business. With the exception of the purchase of the *Times*, Mr. Meadows would find nothing to object to. The baronet sent a wire to Mr. Russell regretting his continued absence, and stating that he was called away to Germany on business, but hoped to be back in a week.

He was thinking of leaving the hotel that night. He felt confident that after the previous trouble the hotel would hesitate for several days before again announcing a missing millionaire, and that would give him time to cover his tracks. He was sitting quietly in the court yard in the dusk after dinner, when a taxicab drove up. The man who alighted was Mr. Meadows. Sir John saw him in the full blaze of light in the doorway—there could be no mistake.

Without a moment's hesitation Sir John got up and walking slowly into the Strand he jumped into a taxi and drove to Tottenham Court Road. Entering the lavatory he quickly divested himself on his embonpoint, removed his pince-nez, and left his overcoat behind him. Walking along Oxford street for some distance he hailed another taxi and was driven to his chambers.

Packing a bag he told the man in attendance he was leaving England for a week or two, and crossed over to Holland by the night mail. In a fortnight he had traveled half over Europe, changing the notes in desperate haste. Had he known, he might have done it at his leisure, for it was six weeks before the question arose as to where the money actually was. Mr. Meadows assumed other people knew, they assumed

he knew, and so the matter was never mentioned. Finally, Sir John had invested it in various French securities in half a dozen different names, for which he opened banking accounts in Paris.

* * * * *

Mr. Russell, pronounced by the doctor to have vastly improved, had been permitted to go out, and had taken a cab to Hyde Park, where he sat in the sun. He thought he would doze, for he felt sleepy. The man woke with a start some hours later, and wondered what on earth he was doing there. He distinctly remembered the previous evening he had been walking in Piccadilly and he remembered nothing more. Why, that must have been nearly twenty-four hours ago! He jumped to the conclusion he had been drugged and robbed, and instinctively felt for his watch and his money. They were there. Puzzled to the last degree, he walked along Piccadilly, hailed a taxicab and drove to the Cecil.

Passing up stairs to his rooms he found them unoccupied. This was not unusual at that hour, when Paul would know he was at liberty. Picking up the *Times* he commenced to read it, but there seemed no continuity in it with the news he remembered on the previous day. He looked at the date and saw it was the 15th. Now, he distinctly remembered yesterday was the 4th. But there was the file of the *Times* with an issue for each of the intervening days. And what was a file of the *Times* doing in his room?

He turned to his letter-book. Yes, he remembered the letters he had dictated on the 4th—there were none on the 5th or the 6th. On the 7th there were a number, evidently replies to an accumulation, but he could remember nothing about any of them, nor any of those on the subsequent days. And yet they were just such letters as he might have dictated himself—the very things had been done which he would have done, except that he could not understand the letters in reference to the *Times*. What had he got to do with the *Times*?

He turned to his cable-book, cables received and cables sent, and then he realized that he had bought the *Times*, and that the newspaper was his property. Three million pounds seemed an

extravagant price to have paid for it; he knew he could afford to pay it, but it meant selling out some profitable investments. What had he sold? And then he came across the cables to his bank. If he had really wanted to buy the paper and had been satisfied it was worth the money, he supposed what had been done was the kind of thing he himself would have done. But what had induced him to buy the paper?

Then he came across his telegram from Brighton to Paul. That certainly hardly seemed familiar—he would have been very mad to send such a message. He supposed he must have discharged Paul, or else the young man had resigned. He didn't wonder, after getting such a telegram. But what was it Paul had made such a fool of himself about? And what on earth had he been doing at Brighton?

And who was his new secretary? The initials "C. M." gave him no clue. He hunted through the drawer in which he knew Paul kept his own papers. He found a powder-puff and a reel of cotton and a needle stuck therein. Evidently the new secretary was a woman. But he also found in the drawer two clippings—one from the *Daily Mail*, giving an account of his own disappearance. This only left him still more in amazement. Yet from the letter-book it was evident he had been there on the 7th.

Then he turned to the second clipping. It was from the *Sun* the following day, and was an interview with Mr. Paul. It contained a graphic recital of what had taken place on the evening of his return. Grim as was the humor of it, Mr. Meadows laughed as he read the account of the dressing-down he had administered to his secretary. "Serve the young beggar right for giving me away." He carefully pieced everything together day by day, and saw every moment was accounted for from that time up to within an hour or two of his finding himself in Hyde Park.

Slowly walking up and down the room, it became evident that from the evening of the 4th until the 15th his mind was an absolute blank. Now, somebody had been at the Cecil during the time. He himself must have been somewhere, why not there? Now, supposing he had been drugged, he felt

certain there was no drug which could have kept him unconscious the whole time without a break, and yet leave him in perfect health as he then felt. Besides, how could an impostor have profited? He looked at his check books; two checks had been drawn to pay the weekly hotel bills; they were the ordinary figure, rather less, in fact. The only other check was the purchase money for the *Times*. But the *Times* couldn't run away. What good was it to an impostor now he was back again? Of course, if he liked to allege, and could prove, mental aberration about himself, he could get all contracts annulled. But the purchase of the *Times* appeared to be the only thing he had done except his ordinary business, and the conduct of that he felt certain would go a long way to disprove any allegation of temporary mental incapacity.

On the other hand, suppose he had been there himself all the time—he certainly couldn't remember being anywhere else—then things seemed to fit. He remembered being in Piccadilly on the 4th; he had apparently told Paul he had gone to Brighton, so he supposed he must have done so, and from the moment of the telegram from Brighton there was a clear narrative of events in his letter and cable books. Think over it how he would, he was convinced he must have been at the Cecil the whole time, and had simply suffered from a lapse of memory which his best plan was to cover up at all hazards as best he could. This he decided to do. The interview with Paul in the *Sun* must have been cabled to America, which no doubt accounted for his wife's coming arrival the next day. Of course he must deny having said that, and tell his wife he was absent making inquiries about the *Times*.

Mr. Meadows soon found he had paid a most outrageous price for the *Times*, but he felt he could not repudiate the bargain. Nor did it interest him in the least to own the first and greatest newspaper in the world. He wired to Mr. Walter and asked for an interview, and then offered to sell him back a half-share in the *Times* for one million.

"If you're tired of it already, I'll give you two millions for the whole."

"No, it isn't that. I want your pres-

tige back, and your generations of knowledge and experience, and I want Buckle back, but on the business side you want smartening up. You are losing lots of chances." So it was thus arranged, and editorially the dear old *Thunderer* pursued the even tenor of its way unchanged, unaltered; but Mr. Meadows imported some of his own countrymen, who took charge of the business side of the paper.

Which accounts for the Americanization of the business dealings of the *Times*.

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False Alarm

You ought to have seen Mr. Marshall when he called to see Dolly the other night," remarked Johnny to his sister's young man who was taking tea with the family. I tell you he looked fine a sittin' alongside of her with his arm—

"Johnny!" gasped his sister, her face the color of boiled lobster.

"Well, so he did," insisted Johnny. "He had his arm—"

"John," screamed his mother frantically.

"Why," whined the boy, "I was—"

"John," said his father, sternly, "leave the room."

And Johnny left, crying as he went, "I was only going to say that he had his army clothes on."

Anxious to Oblige

The manager of a telephone exchange recently gave employment as an operator to a young woman whose previous employment had been in a department store. The girl seemed so bright and willing and possessed such a clear and distinct voice that the manager resolved to give her a trial.

The newcomer, who was all amiability and willingness, rapidly learned her new duties, but one day an incident occurred that betrayed her department store training.

In answer to a ring she had asked sweetly:—"Number, please?"

"Let me have 325," said the patron.

"I am sorry that 325 is busy just now," said the girl, "but I can let you have 323 or 326."

EFFECTIVE EQUIPMENT ON THE ATLANTIC COAST

• HOW THE COMMERCIAL AND GOVERNMENT SHORE STATIONS ARE ENABLED TO KEEP IN TOUCH WITH EACH OTHER AT ALL TIMES.

Along the Atlantic seaboard there are now established fifty-four fully equipped wireless stations. Twenty-two are operated by the Navy, seven by the Army, twenty-three are Marconi stations and two are operated by the United Fruit Company. In addition to these, there are a number of stations owned by individuals or other companies, who use them for experimental purposes; some are operated by the latter, but they are of little importance, as their influence is mostly local. Probably only one can be said to be in constant commercial operation—this station is situated at the Battery, at the lower end of Manhattan Island, and is owned by a New York newspaper.

The naval stations are distributed along the coast from Cape Elizabeth, Me., to Key West, Fla. Two are on the Gulf Coast—one at Pensacola, Fla., and one at New Orleans. At Guantanamo, Cuba, the winter base of the Atlantic Fleet, there is a high-power station, and there are two stations at the Isthmus—one at Colon and the other at Porto Bello. Messages can be sent from one end of the navy circuit to the other, the speed of transmission and the amount of relaying necessary varying with the influence of the atmospheric electricity in the southern zones during the summer months. The prompt handling of messages is being greatly facilitated by the use of the high frequency spark and increased efficiency of operation.

The high-power stations at Key West, Guantanamo, Colon and San Juan have high frequency sending sets, and are practically intercommunicative, since communication can be established any night, and except when conditions are particularly unfavorable during the daytime. The Brooklyn, Washington, Charleston and Pensacola stations are

effective in sending distances up to 500 miles.

A standard transmitting unit is being gradually developed by the Navy Department, which should overcome many of the present defects and permit transmitting with a wide range of wave lengths. A wide and quick change in wave lengths is particularly desirable in event of war, for should the enemy try to interrupt wireless communication the wave lengths could be changed by a pre-arranged schedule until communication was again established. Considerable success has attended the experiments on shipboard in varying the wave lengths of the sets in cases where strong interference has been encountered.

The passage of the wireless telegraphy act, which went into effect in July of last year, and made it compulsory for passenger carrying ships to be equipped with wireless, has greatly increased the installations on ships of all descriptions. At this time twenty-one of the United Fruit Company's steamers are equipped, and some 240 ship stations are operated by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. About eighty trans-Atlantic ships have the Marconi equipment. An effective chain of commercial stations extends from Eastport, Me., to Galveston, Tex., at distances averaging 200 miles apart, bringing coastwise shipping at all times within range of a shore station.

When the low power of these stations is considered, it is surprising that this company does such excellent work. This is probably due to the effective system of relaying used.

There are also three stations on the southern coast of Nova Scotia, which receive or transmit messages to the United States by land wire.

OF INTEREST TO WIRELESS SHAREHOLDERS

The wireless war is over. The last obstacle to the absorption of the United Wireless system by the American Marconi Company has been removed and the transaction completed; a victory which leaves Marconi in possession of the commercial wireless field in this country.

When one looks back to the time when it was first announced that the Marconi Company was to acquire the assets of the bankrupt United Company the aspect is that of a battlefield. Every possible impediment was placed in the way of the proposed sale; one by one they were overcome until but one obstacle remained—the suit against the United Company brought by the National Electric Signaling Company of Pittsburg, charging infringements of patents. The Federal courts had refused to allow the transfer of that portion of the apparatus held to be an infringement until this suit was settled. The United States District Court of Maine found against the United Company, and the case was appealed. The decision on appeal upheld and practically established the validity of the United patents and the absorption of the assets of that company by the Marconi Company was completed.

There is now nothing in the way of the Marconi becoming the only system of commercial importance in the world. It is not likely that any other company will become commercially formidable, as the Marconi Company already has quite a complete chain of land stations and has installations upon hundreds of steamships, while other companies are principally engaged in experimental work. The National Electric Signaling Company, which brought the suit just mentioned, for instance, was formed to exploit the Fessenden patents and have been principally engaged in making wireless instruments. Fessenden has since been

forced out of the company and the courts have awarded him a judgment for approximately half a million dollars against the Signaling Company.

In addition, the Marconi Company has begun a suit against this concern, charging that the Fessenden patents are an infringement on the inventions of Marconi. It is likely that this suit will be sustained, in which case the Pittsburg Company will only be able to do business under permission of the Marconi Company. It is contended that while Fessenden applied for a patent in December, 1899, it was not granted until nearly three years later, and in the interval the applicant, a Government employee, had the opportunity to cover improvements and inventions as made by Marconi.

The acquisition by the Marconi Company of the United assets is of undoubted advantage to the wireless business. Marconi now holds the field. As with the telephone, one well managed and well regulated system with the proper financial strength gives promise of better service for all concerned. And since the interference of outsiders can make itself a nuisance, this is probably of more importances in wireless than in any other business. When all the operations are perfectly standardized—possible only when everything is under one control—there will be greater efficiency in commercial wireless and greater safety on the sea.

The financial outlook, too, has brightened perceptibly for the Marconi Company, since the clearing up of the patent situation has established the rights of this company and seems to shut off any fear of serious interference either in the operation or manufacture of wireless apparatus. This has not only added intrinsic value to Marconi securities, but greatly enhances the opportunity for earnings.

Miss Mabelle Kelso, Appointed Wireless Operator on the Steamship "Mariposa" of the Alaska Steamship Company

When the steamship *Mariposa*, the latest addition to the fleet of the Alaska Steamship Company, steamed for Alaska ports on July 1, she had as her wireless operator Miss Mabelle Kelso, the only woman in the world to hold a Government wireless certificate.

Miss Kelso recently successfully passed the examination given under the direction of the Navy Department at Bremerton and was immediately assigned to the steamship *Mariposa*.

She has mastered the continental wireless code, the methods of emergency repair of wireless apparatus and the replacing of broken parts of the intricate instruments, which must be kept in perfect condition at all times.

Lieut. A. C. Call, U. S. N., who conducted the examination taken by Miss Kelso, said she passed with the highest honors of any of the applicants for certificates who had appeared before him. The young woman is the first to receive a wireless certificate from any government, and to the satisfaction of officers of the navy explained just what she would do in case of disaster at sea. She has been a stenographer in the office of the E. H. Lewis Lumber Company and has mastered the continental wireless code in her spare hours.

"I have always been anxious to go to sea," said Miss Kelso recently, "and I know I shall enjoy the work. My friends never dreamed that I was in earnest when I began the study of wireless, and they will be surprised to learn of my success."

The Marconi company recently issued an order to the effect that the uniform of the women operators of the company will be a blue jacket with brass buttons, a tailored skirt of the same cloth and a blue cap trimmed in gold lace with the wireless wreath in front.

Whales are undoubtedly the longest-lived animals on earth. Culver estimated that they would not die of senility until they had been swimming about for 1,000 years.

New Wireless Stations on Jersey Coast

MARCONI PREPARES TO SEND MESSAGES AROUND THE WORLD.

Twin wireless stations to communicate direct with London will be built along the New Jersey coast within a year, according to a recent announcement made by the Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company of America. Options have been obtained on similar sites in San Francisco and Honolulu.

It is planned to construct a plant in the Philippine Islands to communicate direct with the one in Honolulu.

The company will thus be enabled to send messages from London to the Philippines by way of the United States, relaying the messages by land wires from the New Jersey coast to San Francisco. The plants in San Francisco and in Honolulu will be erected immediately, the announcement adds.

The first New Jersey station will be erected within nine months near Belmar, upon a site of 550 acres just purchased. The second will be erected in Tom's River or Barnegat and will be tuned to a key different from the first, so that messages to either station may be received and sent simultaneously without interference.

The distance from the New Jersey stations to London is 3,100 miles. The plants will cost about \$750,000 each.

Wireless Among Seven Wonders of World

A few weeks ago one of the prominent scientific magazines sent a list of 57 modern wonders to Cornell University, requesting the chemical department to pick out seven of them as representing the greatest of modern human ingenuity.

The selection was made by the Cornell faculty, graduates and seniors of the chemists' seminary. Professor I. M. Dennis has just announced the list, which names wireless telegraphy first. The other six are synthetic chemistry, radium, anti-toxins, aeroplanes, the Panama Canal and the telephone.

A Needless Fast

An actor without funds managed in some way to get a second-class ticket on a line of steamers running between Seattle and San Francisco.

The voyage between these two points consumed the better part of three days, and in view of the fact that his finances were at a low ebb, he figured it out in this way: The first day out he slept all day to keep from eating, and remained up all night to keep from sleeping. The second day he took physical culture exercises.

On the third day he could stand the strain no longer, and went down to the dining-room and ordered the best meal the boat could afford. While tucking it under his belt he conjured up, in his mind's eye, a picture of a cell in the bastille in San Francisco.

After finishing the meal he said to the waiter: "How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," replied the waiter, "your meals are included in your ticket."

Scientific Sport With Kittens

At the recent annual meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences a member of the faculty of Columbia University described his experiments in comparative psychology, in which kittens, dogs, chickens and monkeys played a part.

One object was to show in what manner and how rapidly animals learn tricks. A box was provided with a door that could be opened from the inside by means of a latch, or by pulling a cord or turning a button.

Kittens were placed inside the box and a toothsome fish outside. The time taken to get out became gradually shorter, but the Columbia University man found that the trick was always learned by accident. One lucky hit would prepare the way for another. He could see no trace of rational inference on the animal's part.

It was not possible to teach the trick by taking the kitten's paw and pushing the latch and seeing another animal do the trick a hundred times was no help to the one that had not already learned it.

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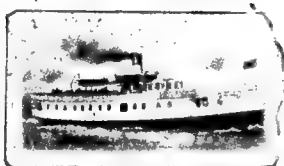
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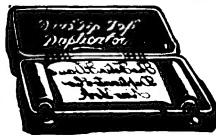
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